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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

REVIEWING THE TURKISH CRISIS

ACCORDING to the *Economist*, the British Government has blundered incredibly in its Asia Minor policy. Though it has been evident for six months that the Greeks could not defeat the Turkish Nationalists, the London Cabinet, after Mustafa Kemal rejected the Allied decisions of last March modifying the still unratified Sèvres Treaty, twice deliberately rejected an opportunity of bringing the belligerents to a peaceful settlement. Last spring the Nationalist Foreign Minister, Yusuf Kemal Bey, came to London and received an audience; but the conversations broke down over the freedom of the Straits. Only a few weeks before the recent fighting began, a second emissary from Angora, Fethi Bey, the Minister of the Interior, arrived with conciliatory proposals, including important concessions regarding the Dardanelles. The Nationalists were prepared to agree to the complete demilitarization of a zone on either side of the Straits. This emissary, however, was not even received, on the ground that the question could only be discussed by France and England jointly, instead of by either Power alone. Apparently the Turkish representative was not encouraged to believe that such joint negotiations were possible at the time.

The Turkish National Pact, which includes the retrocession to that country of all Eastern Thrace, up to the River Maritsa, is not an international agreement, but the covenant entered into by the Turkish Nationalists when they decided to oppose by force the conditions imposed upon their country by the Sèvres Treaty.

A correspondent of *La Tribuna* was given an interview recently at Rome by Gelaledin Bey, the Kemalist minister who recently visited Rome in behalf of his Government. Speaking of the recent Turkish successes, he said that for some time prior to taking the offensive the Turkish officers had completely isolated Asia Minor from the outside world. As we know from other sources, the Turks were able to concentrate against the Greeks most of the troops that had formerly been on garrison duty on the Caucasian, Persian, and Mesopotamian frontiers. This action was facilitated by their alliance with the Bolsheviki.

The minister expressed regret that Fethi Bey, recently sent to London 'to assure England of our pacifist sentiments,' had been refused an audience there. He asserted that during their retreat the Greek officers 'inflicted indescribable cruelties. They massacred

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our people and burned our villages.' He referred to the Constantinople Government as a fiction that 'does not enjoy or exercise any authority whatever because it is not free. The people of Constantinople look upon the National Assembly as their true legislature.'

Naturally the French papers welcome the recent Turkish victory in Asia Minor, and there is a notable absence of allusions in their columns to the atrocities reported from Smyrna.

L'Écho de Paris prints a contributed paragraph that summarizes moderate French opinion: —

> Our British friends are commonly credited with showing more respect for facts than for theories. The sudden collapse of the Greek army has opened their eyes to many things and caused them to revise their Near Eastern policies. . . . Do they understand even now that peace is impossible in the Levant without an understanding with Turkey? . . . Let us hope that this truth will dawn upon them. But they must wake up quickly. England's measures during the last few months have caused her to be bitterly hated in the Near East. France has pointed out to her repeatedly, in her capacity as a loyal ally, the danger of this course.

Auguste Gauvain, writing in *Journal des Débats*, deals less kindly with England. He says her policy concealed, 'under a veneer of courtesy, trickery and sharp dealing unworthy of a loyal ally.' He charges the British Cabinet with pursuing since the Armistice an Asiatic policy designed to make Great Britain the master of the Near East and to deprive France of all influence and authority in that part of the world.

However, a kindlier attitude characterizes other influential newspapers. *L'Œuvre* trusts that France and England will eventually come to an agreement on one vast programme that will solve Reparations, the depreciation of European currencies, the future status of the Balkans and Asia Minor, the restoration of Austria, and the reconstruction of Russia; and thus concludes this optimistic hope: 'When that day arrives the Entente Cordiale will again become all the more solid as all Europe rallies to its support.' In general the French press favors the Turkish claim to Thrace, and attributes the opposition to this in the Little Entente countries to British intrigue.

Various estimates are given to the strength of Mustafa Kemal's army. General Townsend, who recently talked with the Turkish leader, estimates his forces at 300,000. *La France Militaire*, in a more detailed review of the Turkish forces, says that their strength at the beginning of the late offensive was 200,000 men. They are well provided with materials of war. Mustafa Kemal, in a speech before the National Assembly on the third anniversary of its organization, laid stress upon the efforts Anatolia was making to render herself independent of foreign military clothing and general supplies. Large quantities of arms were purchased abroad, particularly in Italy, Russia, and Germany. The Government possesses some fifty Italian airplanes, and is decidedly stronger than Greece in this arm of the service.

A *Morning Post* correspondent reports that nearly all the senior officers in the Turkish army served their apprenticeship under German instructors; that their telephone equipment is 'amazingly good and efficient,' and that the medical service is adequate. The flogging of soldiers is a common practice; and the ration of common soldiers is limited to two small loaves of black bread and two meals of soup and vegetables a day. This correspondent concludes: —

> The Turk remains a fine fighter. His beliefs are primitive, he loves his country, he hates Christians. He fights with his back to

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the wall forever, and in the advance he is fonder of the bayonet than the German was. Finally, in spite of two Governments, the Sultan's flag is still carried on parade, the flag of Turkey still flies in the battle-line, and the Sultan is cheered to the echo as the supreme head of Turkey.

Marshal Franchet d'Esperey, who shared with General Allenby the credit for the successful military operations against Turkey during the last Allied campaign, stated his impressions of the situation created by the recent Nationalist victory over the Greeks to a representative of *L'Écho de Paris* substantially as follows: —

The Greek defense forces organized in 1916 by General Serrail, forces that I personally commanded later, were unquestionably good troops. Constantine's clique has sabotaged the Anatolian army by permeating it with politics, driving out its experienced officers, and replacing them with political incompetents. . . . The Turks are well armed because they never were disarmed. In addition to this, they practically got possession of all of the military material abandoned in the Caucasus by the Russian General Iudenich after the Revolution. France has not furnished the Turks with arms.

The situation is very serious. Remember that the Bosporus is only eight hundred yards wide at certain points, and the whole European quarter of Constantinople is within easy range of Mustafa Kemal's heavy artillery. As to Thrace, some 40 per cent of the people there are Turks, and 60 per cent Greeks, Bulgarians, and Christians of mixed race. The Turks are in a relative majority, but not in an absolute majority.

General Weygand, another French commander, familiar with conditions in the Far East, likewise stated, in an interview with the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post:* —

Neither ammunition nor guns used by the Turks nor support of any kind had been given the Kemalist forces. Indeed, it is hardly necessary to deny those rumors. There may be in France a certain feeling of sympathy toward Turkey, a sentiment caused both by traditional memories and by the fact that we have great Moslem interests and are bound by these interests, as well as by sympathy, to be on friendly terms with Turkey; but the Turks' swift advance, overthrowing as it does the work of the latest peace negotiations and reviving the blast of war, is not viewed differently here from any other Allied country.

On the other hand, positive assertions that French aid has been given to Kemalists come not only from British sources, but also directly from Americans who have recently returned from Asia Minor and base their statements on information given them by French officers in Syria. A correspondent of *Giornale d'Italia* sends details from Constantinople as to how Kemal was able to reëquip his army with the help of French engineers and officers. The French considered themselves perfectly justified in lending aid to the Turks, since by an express declaration in the despatch of M. Briand to Yusuf Kemal Bey, the French Government considered that by signing the Angora Treaty, on November 4, it had ended the state of war between France and Turkey.

Owing to the Greek occupation of the Bagdad railway line, the Kemalists were severed from railway communications with Konia, but they solved the difficulty by opening a splendid motor-road from Angora to Konia; and thence they communicated by rail with Mersina, the new port left open by the French to the Kemalists, where they could refurnish themselves with war materials. French engineers undertook the task of rebuilding the bridges that had been destroyed, and the Turks were supplied with motor trucks by the Russians and French. Kemal depended entirely on these importations for his military equipment, for no factory exists in all Anatolia capable of making

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guns and ammunition, and those he had at first were used up long ago. However, it will be recalled that a British vessel, presumably laden with munitions for Kemal, was stopped by Greek warships not long before the recent offensive began. The truth probably is that bootlegging in munitions has proved profitable for all parties in the Near East.

The British Government's concern over the Near Eastern situation is not limited at present writing to the Straits and Eastern Thrace. Reënforcements are being hurried to Mesopotamia, where the British forces were recently reduced by two thirds. Early in September a thousand officers and men of the Royal Air Service were dispatched thither from England, together with an ample equipment of scouting and bombing planes and machine guns. The Palestine Arabs, as well as those of the Irak, are said to be highly elated at the Kemalist victory, and to be preparing the way for an Arab Confederation to embrace Syria as well as the Arabian Peninsula.

Mohammedan demonstrators celebrated the Kemalist victory by parading through the European quarters of Alexandria, bearing a broken crucifix; and the Turks who thronged the mosque of Santa Sophia and its approaches, seventy thousand strong, when thanksgiving services for the victory were held at Constantinople, shouted: 'Down with all Christians!'

A neutral correspondent of the *Journal de Genève* summarizes the situation as follows: —

> In reality, both the British and the French Governments have committed monstrous errors, and their incessant intrigues against each other in the Near East during the past three years are the real cause of the present situation. Only a tremendous effort of good faith and good will can even alleviate the situation now.

THE URQUHART AGREEMENT

EARLY in September an agreement was signed between the Russo-Asiatic Company, Ltd., and the Soviet Government, through the chairman of the Company, Mr. Leslie Urquhart, and Mr. Krassin, as the representative of the Soviet Government. This contract grants the Company a ninety-nine-year lease of its entire pre-war property in Russia, which was nationalized by the Bolsheviki. Most of this property was originally leasehold. Its value is reported in the British press at about a quarter of a billion dollars in American currency, and consists of mining claims and agricultural and forest lands covering an area of two and one half million acres in the Urals and Western Siberia.

Among the developed properties included in this larger total, are twelve coal and iron mines, two smelters, a copper refinery, lead and zinc works, two hundred and fifty miles of railway, and a fleet of river steamers. According to a statement by Mr. Urquhart, the Company 'practically controls the country's nonferrous metal industry, nearly 70 per cent of her copper production, all her zinc and lead output, and over 20 per cent of her gold production,' making it 'one of the biggest industrial organizations in the world.'

The Russian Government obligates itself to advance first and last up to ten million dollars for the restoration of the property, and to give the Company a free hand in employing and managing its labor. A royalty or tax not exceeding 8 per cent is levied on the actual selling value of the products. Most of the Company's old employees are still on the property. No willful damage has been done to the works, and 'it is believed that the deterioration due to disuse is not excessive.' The prospective annual output, as soon as operations are resumed, is expected to be 18,000 tons

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of copper, 200,000 tons of zinc, 120,000 tons of lead, 140,000 ounces of gold, and 1,700,000 ounces of silver, in addition to coal, coke, timber, and iron. The gross profit from operations, based upon previous experience and recent surveys, will exceed twelve million dollars per annum.

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SPANISH-AMERICA AND THE LEAGUE

THE suggestion that a distinct or supplementary League of Nations be formed in the Western Hemisphere, advocated by the President of Uruguay and received with favor by many political thinkers in Spanish-America as well as in the United States, has not been altogether welcome in Spain, where a serious movement is on foot to strengthen the bonds between that country and her former colonies. It is altogether desirable, of course, that cultural ties be perpetuated and strengthened. They are influences that make for more liberal understandings and for permanent peace. Beyond this, Spain's efforts do not promise much at present in the way of positive accomplishment. The proposed visit of Alfonso XIII to South America, the recent visit of the Crown Prince Don Ferdinand to Chili, and the emphasis laid upon Spanish ties of blood at patriotic festivals, count for comparatively little when practical political questions are to be decided.

The establishment of an Hispano-American University in Spain is being advocated, only to arouse rivalry among the four great universities of that country, — Seville, Granada, Valladolid, and Madrid, — each of which desires to annex the proposed institution. On the other hand, the suggestion has not been received with all the enthusiasm anticipated in South America, where there are ambitious and well-equipped local universities that are naturally jealous of a project to create a sort of superuniversity for Spanish-Americans in Europe. The establishment of exchange professorships, and of Latin-American scholarships in Spain, especially for promising young artists, meets with more general approval.

It has also been proposed that Spain and the Spanish-American countries should form a bloc in the League of Nations. However, the fact that Mexico does not belong to the League, that Peru has just withdrawn, that Argentina views that organization coldly, and that several of the smaller republics are not represented at its sessions or exhibit little interest in its proceedings, stands in the way of such a project even if it were otherwise feasible.

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EFFICIENCY ENGINEERING IN ENGLAND

AT the last meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, a lively debate was precipitated in the Psychological Section over efficiency engineering in industry. The author of one paper asserted that if experts appointed solely by the employers went around factories observing, codifying, and standardizing the most efficient methods of carrying out operations, the workers would be robbed in their own opinion of their craft skill and they would be treated — or would imagine that they were treated — simply as pieces of machinery. The speaker argued that it 'will be a bad day for industry when the worker comes to believe that his function is simply that of an automaton.'

Those who spoke in favor of vocational tests and standardization of working practices maintained that these should accomplish two things: increase the efficiency of business and promote the happiness of individual workers.

The effect of an unsuitable job is sometimes to make the workers insubordinate. The management of a factory, through lack

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of knowledge, often turns good workers into bad ones merely by putting them to jobs for which they are not fitted. The field of work for the industrial psychologist in increasing efficiency and humanizing industry is vast, but if he allows his science to run away with him, any results he could claim will be disappointing from the practical standpoint.

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MINOR NOTES

THE final results of the Belgian Census of December 31, 1920, have just been published. They show the kingdom's population to be slightly under seven and one half millions. For the first time since the Census was established, in 1856, the decennial returns show a net decrease, the population being less by more than 21,000 than it was in 1910.

THE *Servant of India* discusses in an editorial note the latest official report upon the administration of the Compulsory Education Act within the native state of Baroda. The law was suspended for about a year immediately after the war, because the peasants were in such distress that they preferred their children to earn even a pittance by going to work, rather than to attend school. Regret is expressed that district officers and local bodies neglect to enforce school attendance. The system of fines for tolerated truancy appears to have failed of its object, and to have been converted into an instrument of oppression and a source of income for petty officers, and even of revenue for the State. Indeed, the public treasury receives from these fines one twelfth as much as it spends upon the whole school system.

DOCTOR HJELMAR KEY, Editor of *Svenska Dagbladet*, has just published a series of articles in that journal upon the all-engrossing topic of the world's economic future, in which he concludes, from a study on the ground, that the United States will henceforth depend relatively more upon Asiatic and South American markets and less upon European markets than she has heretofore. Her commercial ties with these countries, particularly those that border on the Pacific, will determine in a large degree the form taken by her export industries, and therefore by all her manufactures.

THE Bolshevist official journal, *Isvestiya*, describes the trial of a number of villagers near Moscow, who had been guilty of forcibly resisting the officers of the Government when the latter tried to remove the valuables from their local church. The populace regarded the event as an entertainment. The President of the Village Soviet, when reproved by the President of the Court for not preventing the disorders, testified: 'I do not know about any laws or any order. At the meeting when they elected me I told them plainly, "I am a born fool." I said, "I don't know anything at all."' The other defendants declared that they never read newspapers or even saw them, and were not interested in politics. Their plea was: 'We live on the edge of the world, on the very edge, and no news can reach us.' Even the local schoolmistress testified to the same effect.

A BELGIAN economic mission has recently visited South America, following the footsteps of an Italian mission seeking the same objects. The members have visited nearly all of the Spanish-American countries, in order to promote Belgian trade and to impress upon the business public the reciprocal advantage of having South America's raw materials manufactured in Belgium.

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SHELL-SHOCK

BY LORD SOUTHBOROUGH, G. C. B.

[*Two years ago last spring the British Government ordered an inquiry into shell-shock by a special committee of the War Office, whose report has just been published. Strange to say, the doctors of the Committee, some eleven in number, were in full agreement, and the members of Parliament and soldiers who also served were of the same mind. The result was a unanimous report, which is rather uncommon in such scientific inquiries. Naturally the document is voluminous and highly technical. The present article is an endeavor to present to the lay mind in popular form what shell-shock really was.*]

From the *Times, September* 2, 5
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

THE term 'shell-shock' has been much used and much abused. It was born of the necessity for finding at the moment some designation thought to be suitable for the number of cases of functional nervous incapacity which were continually occurring among the fighting units. Undoubtedly in the popular mind 'shell-shock' signified that the patient had been exposed to, and had suffered from, the physical effects of explosion of projectiles. Had this explanation of the various conditions held good, no fundamental fault could have been found with the term; but with the extension of voluntary enlistment, and subsequently the introduction of conscription, it was discovered that nervous disorders — neurosis and hysteria — which had appeared in rare instances in the Regular Army, were becoming astoundingly numerous from causes other than shock caused by the bursting of high explosives.

It was observed, in fact, that these conditions were perpetually occurring although the patient had not suffered from commotional disturbance of the nervous system caused by bursting shells. It even became apparent that numerous cases of 'shell-shock' were coming under the notice of the medical authorities where the evidence indicated that the patients had not been within hearing of a shell-burst.

On the other hand, it became plain that in many cases the change brought about by enlistment and physical training was sufficient to cause neurasthenic and hysterical symptoms, and that the wear and tear of a prolonged campaign of trench warfare, with its terrible hardships and anxieties, and of attack and perhaps repulse, produced a condition of mind and body properly falling under the term 'war-neurosis,' practically indistinguishable from the forms of neurosis known to every doctor under ordinary conditions of civil life.

The Committee recognized, therefore, that the term 'shell-shock' was wholly misleading, but unfortunately its use had been established and the harm was already done. The alliteration and dramatic significance of the term had caught the public imagination, and thenceforward there was no escape from its use. Once the conditions of functional nervous incapacity had been determined, it was possible for the medical man who was previously familiar with the handling of cases of nervous and mental diseases to place each case

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under its proper caption; but only a comparatively few medical men prior to the war had had an opportunity of becoming thoroughly familiar with this very distinct branch of medicine, and it frequently happened that a medical officer who was not so happily placed found himself in the position of having to deal with very large numbers of such cases.

In these circumstances, with the official adoption of 'shell-shock' as a technical term, with the feeling of not being justified in making a more definite diagnosis, with the desire to avoid the stigma to the patient of describing his condition as a mental disorder, the medical officer preferred, or was driven, to include any particular case under the more general but less implicating heading of 'shell-shock.'

Bearing these difficulties in mind, it is no surprise to find that the lay conception of the term was so very loose and ill-informed. The general sentiment of the public found its expression in the statement that every man apparently physically capable should be sent to the front; but at the same time there was much anxious solicitude as to the incapacitated, and so great was the appeal made by the term 'shell-shock' that this class of case excited more general interest, attention, and sympathy than any other. 'Shell-shock,' in fact, obtained a marked preference among the complaints and casualties of the war.

From the opinion of those competent to judge, it became apparent that 'shell-shock' cases must be treated as falling under one or other of the following headings — namely, commotional disturbance, emotional disturbance, and mental disorders. The large number of cases under the last heading added volume to the 'shell-shock' statistics. They appeared there because, when ensting, no attention had been paid to the mental history of the recruit; they were, in fact, cases of insanity in various forms, a large number of which would have occurred if there had been no war, but many of which were brought to life at an earlier date in consequence of the war. These numerous cases were classed under 'shell-shock' — an imperfect diagnosis. Dismissing these cases as of definite origin, the Committee found themselves confronted with the obligation of taking important evidence on 'commotional disturbance,' a comparatively easy task, and 'emotional disturbance,' a matter of extraordinary difficulty, involving the investigation of various phases of 'shell-shock' disorder.

There appeared at the outset to be room for serious conflict of opinion on the question of 'emotional disturbance,' not only among military and scientific witnesses, but also upon the Committee itself. Throughout their deliberations, the Committee, consisting very largely of experts, were always impressed with the knowledge that they could not make the Report they have submitted to the Army Council unless they themselves were unanimous in their findings and their findings were based upon evidence given by witnesses of the highest standing who were themselves practically unanimous. This result was fully achieved.

The cases of 'commotional disturbance' were comparatively few. The medical authorities investigated the question of the proportion of 'shell-shock' cases due to commotional shock in several war-centres, and came to the conclusion that between 4 per cent and 10 per cent were actually commotional cases. In battle areas the commotional cases exceeded 10 per cent, but in quiet areas the proportion was very small. General Lord Horne, when discussing the subject of 'shell-shock' generally, said that he would

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put aside commotional 'shell-shock,' which might come to anyone. It was the result of a blow, or whatever the medical term might be. He would put it entirely on one side. No man could avoid it. Also 'shell-shock' in the nature of a wound he would put on one side.

The opinion was also expressed by another authority that

no man who has simply broken down mentally should be given a wound stripe, but the man with an obvious commotional shock, who has been buried or blown up, deserved one.

Another witness said: —

Ability to stand modern war depended almost as much on mental and nervous conditions as upon physical conditions. . . . The term 'shell-shock' has been wrongly used and has popularly become accepted to include any man suffering from nerves. . . . It really means the effect of the explosion of a shell so near as to knock a man silly.

He had seen cases of men who were apparently killed by the mere shock of a large shell. That is, they bore no visible outward trace of wounds, but had been killed by 'shell-shock.'

An eminent neurologist, in his discussion of 'commotional disturbance,' said that the vast majority of cases were in no sense the result of commotion.

The effect of being actually blown up is very much the same as being thrown on one's head from a horse. One may get concussion, which may lead to amnesia and a prolonged condition of unconsciousness, but which does not lead to the type of symptom which one understands by 'shell-shock,' which is due to emotion.

Enough has been said to indicate the meaning and importance of 'commotional disturbance'; for those who care to explore the scientific side of the subject, the Report contains much matter of great interest — for instance, the chapter on 'Shell-shock Wound.'

The Committee then faced the real difficulties of their inquiry when they embarked on the investigation of 'emotional disturbance' — namely, cases amounting to some 80 per cent of those falling under the misnomer of 'shell-shock.' It is impossible within a limited space adequately to discuss this subject.

The Committee was composed of men the majority of whom had had varied experience of 'shell-shock' cases both at home and in the theatres of war. This was even more true of the witnesses, — military and medical, — who spoke continually, and always with sympathy, of the misery and suffering caused by war neurosis. An investigation into 'emotional disturbance,' based on evidence and conducted on scientific lines, was necessarily a very complex affair, and the reader of the Report must always recollect that he has before him the considered judgment of many experts on thousands of cases taken class by class, and not in any way individually.

The cases of 'emotional disturbance' were divided by the Committee into two classes: (*a*) those arising from nervous breakdown due to strain and hardship, and (*b*) those due to loss of control of the mind or nervous system.

The lay mind can well understand 'commotional disturbance'; it can equally appreciate the meaning of 'emotional disturbance' arising from breakdown due to strain and hardship. Fatigue, inadequate rest, loss of sleep, wet and cold, misery and monotony, unsavory cooking, nauseating environment, mud and blood, tell the tale. The peculiar character of the war was responsible for much of the wear and tear on officers and men; a gallant general expressed the opinion that 'in moving warfare we should not have experienced anything like it'; and another witness noted that the disorder was always rampant when things were

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at their worst, that is, 'much worse when they were sitting in the trenches and not getting forward at all. By the end of the war, when they were up and away to victory, it had practically disappeared.' Several of the witnesses had suffered from 'shell-shock' due to overstrain and hardship.

There remains for consideration the large residuum of 'shell-shock' cases — namely, those due to the 'loss of control of the mind or nervous system.' Under this head the Report of the Committee discusses unwillingly and tentatively the question of cowardice. It is not a subject on which a War Office Committee would desire to dilate, but the terms of reference compelled the Committee to examine scientifically the causes of the extraordinary number of cases of 'shell-shock' which the evidence conclusively proved to be due to loss of control of the nerves. The whole subject is exhaustively argued out in the Report with the keenest desire not to wound the honor of those who did their best to win the war.

But it must be borne in mind that cowardice is a military crime, and that death is the penalty. No great military organization could ever accept the proposition that cowardice in the face of the enemy should be looked upon as nothing but a nervous disorder. The admission of such a plea might possibly involve the disappearance of the discipline and control of an army. On the other hand, scientific and medical opinion held that in a number of cases cowardice is the result of illness, of anxiety-neurosis, of war-neurosis. It was on this issue that a serious divergence of opinion might have arisen, but as the evidence developed it became clear that the military and medical opinions with regard to 'shell-shock' could be reconciled.

Witnesses were of opinion that there would have been little 'shell-shock' if the war could have been fought to a finish with the first 150,000 men. The Chief Recruiting Staff Officer of the London District said that the men were trained to the last pitch when they went out in 1914. It was different with the unfortunate man taken suddenly out of an office. He was brought up and rushed in twelve weeks straight to the trenches. There was chaos in recruiting.

No one was to blame for this; the cry for months and even years was for men, men, and more men. Nor does it involve any reflection on the thousands of brave and gallant fellows who became splendid soldiers, the men to whom the country is indebted for victory in the war; but the call for men, and the chaos in recruiting, do explain the breakdown of a very large number of men who lost their self-control and became the victims of 'emotional disturbance.' Among the many thousands of men who became soldiers in an amazingly short time, there were a number enlisted under compulsion who were wholly unfitted for the part. The same thing happened in the conscript armies of France, Italy, Germany, and also of the United States, although America, with knowledge of our experiences, endeavored unsuccessfully to eliminate all nervously unstable men.

The Committee were told again and again that 'emotional disturbance' was to a very great extent a question of morale. Major-General Childs said: —

> Where discipline is bad you get desertion; where there is no esprit de corps you get cowardice; where you have esprit de corps *plus* discipline you will not get that kind of thing at all. It is all a question of morale.

Lord Horne was of the same opinion. He agreed that a large number of 'shell-shock' cases in a battalion may be taken as a sign of poor morale. He did not state it in stronger terms and say it was a disgrace. As an army command-

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er he looked with disfavor on a unit in which there was much 'shell-shock.'

A large number of cases of 'shell-shock' may result from poor morale, and poor morale may be due to failure in training to the proper state of efficiency.

The medical evidence was on the same side. A distinguished physician, with great experience at the front, speaking of 'emotional disturbance,' said: —

I should say 'shell-shock' was any state of the mind or body engendered or perpetuated by fear, which renders the soldier less efficient or enables him to evade his duty with impunity. I have thought about that, and I think we must admit that all these conditions are engendered by fear, or having been engendered by something else, such as concussion, are perpetuated by fear. I say 'renders the soldier less efficient,' as many of us were suffering more or less from 'shell-shock,' which made us not so efficient, and yet we remained in the line; 'or enables him to evade his duty with impunity' — I mean by that that all sorts of people got out of the line with so-called 'shell-shock,' and the result was that they evaded their full duty and yet were not punished.

When this witness was asked whether he considered that 'shell-shock' would arise, not only in the individual from some strong emotion, but also in a body of men, he answered that it was certainly so. He instanced two battalions side by side in a well-known salient in France: —

In one the morale was good — it had a good colonel and officers and a good medical officer — and they had practically no men going down with 'shell-shock.' The other battalion was sending ten men away at a time. You could have foretold that it would be so by looking at the men's appearance. In the good battalion the men were always smart, but the others were bad soldiers with bad officers. That is the crux of the matter. Keep up the morale of the troops and you will not have emotional 'shell-shock' — at least, you will reduce it tremendously.

Another well-known doctor said: —

If the neurotic element had been kept out of the army instead of forced in, there would have been very much less 'shell-shock.' A tremendous number of neurotics resented having been passed, and they had never the slightest intention of trying to make soldiers of themselves. An enormous proportion among the men who broke down had been neurotics previously. . . . A large number of fellows broke down long before they had finished their training. . . . The patients' attitude of mind was wrong prior to service. They had never taken exercise, they had not been prepared for muscular exercise, they had always lived a sedentary life. They knew they could not stand the long marches, and they never intended to.

He had a hundred to two hundred of these neurotic men at a certain place. They were marched out with non-commissioned officers, and before they had gone one hundred yards some of them turned giddy and faint, and he was sure it was due to autosuggestion. A large proportion of his people gave as a cause of nervous breakdown, horses.

They had never had anything to do with horses in civil life. They did not know one end of a horse from the other, and they were put to attend them and to ride them.

A regimental medical officer, asked as to marching and exposure as a cause of emotional 'shell-shock,' said: —

I think that in many cases where you are dealing with boys, some of whom are not properly grown, you will find that it was always an anxiety to them to have to march ten to fifteen miles carrying a matter of eighty to one hundred pounds, and a good bulk of that pressing on the chest. These boys used to dread marching, and I know two or three that undoubtedly developed neurosis with that dread. They dreaded the weight, and I only prevented men developing neurosis by getting hold of them and carrying their packs. I made it a point always to march with the battalion. I never rode. They suffered severely from

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physical distress, and it also gave them mental distress — the knowledge that they had to keep up with the battalion and could not do it.

These extracts from the Bluebook must suffice to give a superficial account of 'shell-shock' produced by loss of control of the nerves and nervous system. A very large number of men had been enlisted who could not become soldiers. They were taken because every man was wanted. Whether it was wise to endeavor to employ them for fighting purposes is a matter for discussion. An able leading article in the *Scotsman* of August 12 put the point quite clearly. It said: —

> The exigencies of the time did not permit of thorough training before men were put into the battle-line during the last war, and it may be that similar conditions will occur again. But it is now established that the penalty is an excessive percentage of 'shell-shock' cases, and that should make for greater care.

Those who are moved to pursue the subject further will not find the evidence as a whole uninteresting or the recommendations of the Report too technical for ordinary consumption.

ANGORA AND ITS GOVERNMENT

BY L. K.

From Moscow *Isvestiya, June 25, August 13*
(Bolshevist Official Daily)

Angora is an ancient and slow-moving place. Even the Bagdad railroad has not affected it. Here Turkish traditions work on, uninterrupted. The coasts of Asia Minor have become Europeanized. Trebizond and Samsun differ very little from Batum. But Angora is original.

The first thing that strikes you as you enter Angora is not the city itself, but its cemetery. It is enormous, and is scattered all through the city, extending in a semicircle beyond the town and up the slopes of a mountain, finally becoming lost somewhere near the summit. Its low hedges and railings fail to segregate this domain of the dead. The city seems like a tiny village lost in the gigantic cemetery; and it reclines against the side of a hill, which is crowned by an ancient fortress. Only the white minarets break the gray and bleak monotony of the place.

The city is a thousand or more years old. It occupies the site of Roman and Greek towns, whose ruins are met on all sides. The fortress is built mostly of fragments of ancient structures. Millstones, statues, tablets with Greek and Latin inscriptions, cornices, columns — all these went into the construction of the fortress wall. In one quarter of the city, recently swept by fires, the only thing that remains is an old Roman temple. Its walls are so immense that in their niches and under their porticoes hundreds of people now find refuge. The municipal bath which is still in use was built by the ancient Romans.

European dress is rare here, though

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one finds it often enough in the coast cities.

All the city's 'intelligentsia' may be found in the streets and the two cafés near the government buildings. Deputies of the National Assembly walk about, staid and dignified, alone or in small groups. Numerous officers crowd around, reading the newspapers, drinking coffee, or selling and buying horses. Peddlers hurry hither and thither, offering viands and cakes.

At rare intervals a woman may be met on a shopping tour. Sometimes Mustafa Kemal himself visits a local merchant's establishment. His appearance in the street always draws a curious crowd, and causes every officer and soldier in sight to stand at rigid attention.

Most of the government institutions are located in small houses which form a single group. The Post Office is always crowded with soldiers and peasants. Scribes sit on the ground near the entrance, writing letters for those who can afford to pay them. Not far away, before the building occupied by the Police Department, stands a group of women with unveiled faces. They are the city's prostitutes, ordered to appear for registration. They are noisy and impatient. The gendarmes treat them roughly, pushing or dragging them along the street.

All the government bureaus are ridiculously small. They seldom have more than a dozen officials. From noon to 2 P. M. is lunch hour, during which the public offices are entirely deserted, and the restaurants and cafés are crowded with customers discussing politics, business, personal affairs, and current gossip.

The bazaar quarter is even more crowded and animated. The confusion in the streets is increased by the number of donkeys, since there is scarcely a Turk who is not accompanied by one of these faithful servitors. Merchants, mechanics, bakers, barbers, restaurant-keepers — all try to get as close as possible to the passers-by. Blacksmiths fill the air with their jingle and pounding, as they forge the oval iron plates with which donkeys are shod. In a small, stuffy building, three strong fellows are rolling on the floor a long pole on which wool is wound. In another place, an elderly Turk is mixing a white mass, out of which he prepares *khalva*, a strange Oriental delicacy.

In the tiny market-place an improvised auction is going on. A powerfully built Turk, sparing neither his throat nor his feet, runs from group to group, shouting at the top of his voice, and offering an old carpet, which he waves in the air.

Groups of soldiers wander through the streets and the market-place. They are poorly dressed in uniforms of all kinds — Russian, British, German, Italian, French. Their shoes and boots are also of every variety. On their heads are caps or capes. Some wear cartridge-belt upon cartridge-belt, almost up to their armpits. They love to boast of their exploits against the Greeks.

Trade is very simple and is not extensive. Some booths sell cheap European goods, but most stocks consist of foodstuffs, local footwear, harness, brassware, and cheap ornaments, for which soldiers are the principal customers.

There are no clubs, libraries, bookstores, or theatres. Public opinion is formulated in the cafés and on the street corners, and its principal exponent among the masses is the priest, who in Turkey still retains his influence and power. Toward evening, when the bustle and noise of the working day die down, and singsong prayers from the minarets descend like a spell upon the ancient city, the streets become empty and still, except for countless dogs who

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prowl the streets and the cemetery till dawn.

Angora is not impressive, with its little gray houses clustered around the side of a hill, as if creeping down from the top. But there is one building that makes you forget the dull grayness of the rest. It is the home of the National Assembly.

The building is not large. It is a one-story brick structure, with large windows and a substantial balcony. Over its roof a red flag is waving. It was put up about ten years ago by the local group of the Party of Union and Progress, and was at first used as a club-house. As a result of the war, the Party itself disappeared, and the building has now become the workshop in which Turkey, slowly but methodically, forges weapons for her battle against Western imperialism, and new forms for her own political and social life.

During the last lull in the fighting at the front, the Assembly passed an important law providing a new method of choosing the Cabinet. Up to that time, the President of the Assembly, Mustafa Kemal himself, had the exclusive right to nominate candidates for cabinet posts, and the Assembly merely selected one of the candidates thus proposed. This procedure invited much criticism, which Mustafa Kemal and his followers took into account. As a result, a special commission of the Assembly drafted the new law providing that cabinet ministers should be chosen from among the members of the Assembly. A novel kind of republic was thus created, without any president, in which both the legislative and the executive power is vested in parliament.

This new plan rendered necessary the creation of a united majority and, therefore, of a political party. The slogan, 'There should be no parties while the battle for independence is going on,' had to be reconsidered. The adoption of the new law made political parties of some kind imperative.

For the time being, the organization known as the Group for the Defense of Anatolia and Eastern Rumelia played the rôle of such a party. This Group came into existence soon after the Armistice, and though it had borne the brunt of the fight for independence it had seemed to suffer an eclipse of late. All the leaders of the Anatolian movement, all the members of the Cabinet, and about one third of the Assembly belonged to this Group. Moreover, it had branches all over Anatolia, especially in the rural districts.

The adoption of the new law gave the Group an opportunity to come to the fore once more, this time as a political party. It put up a ticket, and all its candidates, except one, were elected. In spite of the bitter attacks of the opposition, this victory confirmed and extended the prerogatives of Mustafa Kemal Pasha.

True to his tactics of allaying the suspicion that he desires to usurp undue authority, Mustafa Kemal delivered a speech immediately after this electoral victory in which he said: —

> We shall all be happy on the day when Smyrna and Thrace are restored to us. But I shall be doubly happy; for then I shall be able to resume the status of an ordinary delegate of this Assembly, such as I was three years ago. There is no greater happiness on earth than to be simply a citizen of a free nation.

A special commission of the Assembly is now considering the question of local autonomy in the provinces. Parliamentary sessions are held four and five times a week, while the rest of the time is given over to committee meetings and party caucuses.

From the windows of the Parliament Building, which look toward the East, the old fortress wall is visible, sur-

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mounting the height on the slope of which the city is built. An old, blackened tower of the days of Tamerlane crowns the topmost peak. Mountain chains shut in the whole horizon, and in their bowels are untold riches, guaranties of the country's future development and progress. Before you lies the century-old, still slumbering, but slowly awakening Orient.

And through the windows at the opposite side of the building you see a bit of Europe: the railroad station, built according to the latest German design, and the line of the Bagdad railroad, disappearing in the distant haze.

THE RED ARMY AS I SAW IT

BY GEORGE POPOFF

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, August* 28
(RADICAL LIBERAL DAILY)

THE Red Army now numbers in the neighborhood of a million young men from eighteen to twenty-three years of age. When the Russian Revolution occurred, five years ago, they were mere boys. They did not begin to form an independent opinion of their country, or to acquire political convictions, until after the Soviet Government was established. These young peasant lads are even to-day immature, ignorant half-children. Their attitude toward the Moscow Government is neither pro- nor anti-Bolshevist. That Government is their employer, who clothes and feeds them. The Red Army, therefore, is not a political factor, likely at any time to espouse a new political programme. It is indifferent and contented.

The Red Army is comparatively well taken care of. Since the last war with Poland, Trotskii has devoted himself energetically to bettering its condition and discipline. He has succeeded. It is absolute nonsense, therefore, to talk about the Red Army 'seething with discontent.' The Army is so organized that each regiment is supported by a particular Government institution: a factory, a wholesale depot, a trust, or a mine. Further details are kept secret; and even at the Eleventh Communist Party Congress, last April, Trotskii refused to make the scheme public. However, it is certain that 60 per cent of the Army is now supported from private sources, and is no longer a direct burden upon the Central Treasury.

Many people outside of Russia assert that the Red Army is in rags and tatters and that the soldiers are forced to go barefooted; others assert that it is splendidly equipped. Both statements are false. The Red Army is neither in rags and tatters nor splendidly equipped. It is fairly provided for. Its condition is good rather than bad. Soldiers are decently and cleanly clothed, according to Russian standards — much better than from 1918 to 1921. This applies not only to the soldiers in the cities but also to those in the country. I have visited a great number of military academies and I have been able to compare their condition with that of

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Russia's military institutions before the war. Naturally they are not quite so good as then. But the difference is not marked. The barracks are untidy and ill-smelling, but that was always so. In many respects, however, these institutions are better than in the old days — I mean particularly so far as the relations of the troops to their superiors go. There is iron discipline in the Red Army, but the Prussian drill and stupid, blind obedience of the old Russian army have disappeared. The intercourse of the private soldier with his superiors is free and natural except when he is on duty.

Coming to the officers' corps, another error must be corrected. The commanders of the present army are not 80 per cent of them old Tsarist officers. Quite the contrary: to-day fully 90 per cent of the officers in active service are former private soldiers and workingmen who have been trained in Soviet military schools. Only some 10 per cent are officers of the old army. The condition in the General Staff is quite different. Four fifths of its members are officers who served on the old General Staff during the War. . . . It is a remarkable but well-established fact that Trotskii has succeeded during the last five years in training thirty to forty thousand peasants so that they have become fairly efficient officers.

Are many former German officers serving in the Red Army? During the six months and more that I was in Russia, I repeatedly asked this question. Here and there, in the scattered detachments of this army, are some German adventurers, who would hardly know how to support themselves at home; and there appear to be a few German instructors in the military academies. Naturally these men are now Russian citizens. However, such cases are exceptions. There is nothing whatever to suggest a strong German influence in the Red Army. That would be most unlikely, if for no other reason, because the Russians have an almost irrational fear of spies. They are quite obsessed on that subject. It is one of the most characteristic phenomena of Russian life to-day. Every foreigner is regarded as a spy. That makes it almost incredible that Trotskii would permit foreign officers to get an insight into his military secrets.

Last April, Trotskii published certain figures regarding the Russian army. He said it numbered about a million men and that there were thirty thousand men in the navy. About 100,000 of these were members of the Communist Party. These figures are reliable. Trotskii had no reason to misstate them. The whole army has been supplied with new uniforms: the soldiers now wear pointed Tatar caps, red trousers, and gray jackets with three red stripes across the breast. The cavalry have blue stripes. The insignia of rank are on the left arm. Trotskii is a practical man, and appreciates the importance of making the service more decorative than it used to be in the old days. He knows just what soldiers like — pretty uniforms and Napoleonic methods.

Trotskii is the recognized Commander-in-Chief. I can say with confidence that the soldiers love him. Kamenev plays a subordinate rôle. Lebedev, the Chief of the General Staff, has considerable influence. The other leaders, like Budennyi and Tukhachevich, are not very prominent at present. They stay with their troops. Brusiloff lives in retirement at Moscow. Most of the gush that we hear about him is silly flummery.

A man who visits Moscow, Petrograd, or any of the larger provincial towns, sees soldiers drilling on the streets everywhere. It almost looks as

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if Russia were energetically preparing for a new war. I believe that inference would be wrong. The Bolsheviki know very well that a new war might endanger their power, and they will do their best to avoid one. However, they keep their Red Army ready for instant service; and that army is readier to-day than any other army in the world to follow Trotskii or another Bolshevist leader wherever he bids — even to the very end of the world. A million Frenchmen could not be forced to march to Syria, in this year of 1922, at Poincaré's orders. A million Englishmen would not take the transports for India to-day at Lloyd George's command. But Russia's soldiers would march to-day wherever they were bid, whether against Peking or Paris. That would be all the same to the Red Guardist — he would go blindly, unprotestingly, obediently.

That is the quality that makes the Russian army a force to be seriously reckoned with. That is the principal point to bear in mind when you talk of that army.

BUILDING A BARRIER TO BOLSHEVISM

[*The land-reforms sketched in the following article by no means exhaust those contemplated or in progress in Europe. Similar laws are agitated in Italy and Spain. When big estates are broken up, title deeds scattered to the winds, and the tradition and technique of agriculture overthrown, production declines — at least temporarily. Partly as a result of these reforms, regions that were a granary of Europe are now importing grain, and the excess of breadstuffs in eastern Europe, above the needs of the local population, is only one twentieth what it was before the war.*]

From the *Economist, August* 19, 26
(London Financial and Commercial Weekly)

All along the western border of Bolshevist Russia a peasant proprietary is either established or in process of establishment, partly to serve as a pillar of the social order as strong as its analogue in France. In Bulgaria and the former Serbian Kingdom it existed before the war; in Rumania its institution, contemplated in 1914, was enacted by the Parliament in refuge at Jassy during the German occupation as a measure of national defense; and it is now being extended to Transylvania. In Czechoslovakia agrarian reform bills have been enacted. In Hungary they have been stifled by the Conservative reaction. In Lithuania foreign complications delayed the reform, but its lines are those of the Esthonian and Latvian laws. In Latvia, Esthonia, and Poland it is being carried out, as the result of laws passed during the Bolshevist invasion of 1920.

The hope which has inspired these measures is partly due to the successful resistance of the Russian peasantry to the Bolshevist efforts to set up a new agricultural Communism. The old Communism of the Russian village, subjected to the disintegrating influences of M. Stolypin's legislation of 1908–1910, permitting the withdrawal of holdings from periodical redistribution, was further weakened by the

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peasants' seizure of the great estates after the fall of Tsarist rule. Incidentally, no doubt, this seizure destroyed some of the best extant examples of large-scale scientific agriculture, and thus contributed to that decline of production which has caused the most terrible famine in history. But the determination of the peasants to stick to their newly acquired property has proved too much even for Soviet despotism; and their example has inspired and encouraged the land-reforms of the Governments of the States which separate Russia from Western Europe. Two other influences, however, have also been at work: in Latvia, Esthonia, Czechoslovakia, and Transylvania the desire to get rid of an alien and hostile landlord class; and the land-hunger of the peasantry everywhere.

In all these countries the land had been mainly in the hands of large landowners. In Poland and pre-war Rumania they were of the same race as the peasants; in Transylvania largely Magyar; in Esthonia, and the Livonian section of Latvia, German or Swedish by descent; in Czechoslovakia mostly Austro-German; but in all these countries they were practically an exclusive and privileged caste. In Latvia and Esthonia they were descended from the Teutonic Knights who had conquered the countries in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, or from Swedish immigrants in the seventeenth and eighteenth, during the period of Swedish rule. From first to last they had treated the Esth and Lettish laboring population as an alien and inferior race.

In both Esthonia and Latvia there is much land outside the great estates, and in the eastern district of Latvia the land is still held by village communities of the Russian type; so that the problem there is the creation of unified and permanent individual holdings by the rearrangement of the strips in the common fields. But in Livonia, and in Esthonia generally, the bulk of the land was held by large landlords. The largest single estate was 60,000 acres. These great holdings, however, consisted largely of forest land. The peasants were bound to pay certain dues in kind and labor to the landlords; and they seem to have borne the chief burden of the local taxation for roads and schools — though the landlords often held the view, not unknown in other countries, that illiterate peasants are the best.

Actual serfdom was legally abolished in 1816, but its conditions seem to have persisted in fact. The power of the barons as rulers of the countryside was somewhat diminished about the end of the last century by the encroachment on their judicial and administrative functions of Russian bureaucratic rule. But their economic predominance remained untouched.

During the war, German troops occupied the provinces, and plans were made to 'colonize' them with 2,500,000 German immigrants. In 1919 and 1920 the Bolshevist army invaded both provinces and Poland, and appealed to the landless peasants for support. Why, its leaders asked, should you peasants defend countries in which you have no part nor lot? Thereupon the Governments of all three countries promised that all who resisted the invaders should receive land as their reward. The promise was fulfilled last year, and the distribution is well on its way to completion.

In Latvia and Esthonia its outlines are roughly as follows. Russian Crown lands, corporation and glebe lands, the lands which had been allotted for German colonization, and the manorial estates of the barons, have been taken over by the Government. Everything seems to have been settled except the question of compensation; but in any

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case those barons who aided the Germans, either during the war or in the subsequent occupation by the filibusters under Von der Goltz, will certainly get nothing; nor will those whose titles were found imperfect under Swedish rule. Compensation will be payable for farm buildings, implements, livestock, and all necessary means of cultivation. Probably what is awarded eventually will be paid in bonds redeemable at a date still remote.

The land thus acquired is being cut up into holdings, varying in size in the different districts according to its productiveness. In Latvia they range from thirty-seven to fifty acres: the size is limited to that which a peasant family can manage, and they must be cultivated by the owner. In Esthonia the tenants are perpetual leaseholders, paying rent to the Government; in Latvia they are freeholders, paying by installments.

Ex-soldiers have a preference in the allotment: as a rule, no holding may be retained exceeding 100 hectares (247 acres), a provision which leaves the large farms frequent in Kurland untouched. Former barons may take up this amount and a farmhouse; but Latvia has followed Esthonia in enacting that the house must not be the ancestral mansion, as the upkeep of this would be beyond the barons' present means. These historic mansions, held by the same family for centuries, and full of ancestral relics and memories, will be converted by the Government into hospitals, asylums, and agricultural schools; and the few remaining barons, from whose class Russia has for two centuries derived many of her ablest generals, diplomats, ministers, and bureaucrats, will sink to the level of large farmers.

In Poland individual holdings are limited to 180 hectares (445 acres), in industrial or suburban districts to 50, in Volhynia and Podolia to 400. The land is classified serially in eleven categories, the lands of the Russian Crown or members of the Imperial family coming first, corporation and church lands next, the large estates owned by individuals last; and of these latter, those suffering from neglect or mismanagement are taken before the rest.

These lands, except, presumably, the two first categories, are paid for in State bonds at the full pre-war value, and individual landlords, when their estates are reached, will be offered time and inducement for voluntary sale to small holders. Many of the purchasers are returned emigrants from America. The earlier categories are being distributed; but in the next Parliament the bourgeois parties may probably be stronger, and the Act may be so amended as to be less drastic. It applies to all Poland; but in Galicia the land is for the most part already held in small lots by peasants, some holdings, indeed, being hardly sufficient for a maintenance, while in Posnania the farms are mostly well below the limit of expropriation.

Czechoslovakia found itself burdened at its inception with a small class of large landowners, almost all Austro-German in sympathy and German in race and speech. Their ownership dated from the great confiscations after the victory of the White Mountain in 1620. In Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia 236 owners held more than 2,150,000 hectares, or about 28 per cent of the whole territory; in Slovakia and Carpathian Ruthenia the proportion of large estates was even greater, but exact figures cannot be given. From all five regions before the war there had been much emigration, chiefly to America.

The reforms began in 1918 and 1919 with what may be called Suspensory Bills; the first forbade the sale, mortgage, or subdivision of the large estates, the second the alienation of estates ex-

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ceeding 150 acres of arable land, or 250 hectares of any sort, without leave from the Land Office, a Board controlled by the Ministry and elected by the Legislature. This body was authorized to supervise estate management, and to purchase land compulsorily, leaving, however, from 250 to 500 hectares to the owner. The compensation is based on the average prices of land in 1913–15; the sums paid are registered, and the claims are transferable, so that they resemble inscribed stock; they carry 3 per cent interest, and ½ per cent is paid to a sinking fund, but they may be paid off at a quarter's notice in securities and cash.

The land purchased may be sold or leased in holdings of from 9 to 23 acres on very easy terms; ex-soldiers, war widows or orphans, and the 'legionaries' who fought for the Allies may be aided to become holders out of special funds, but only if they or their families can cultivate their holdings themselves. Or it may be leased or sold to actual cultivators, or in larger amounts to individuals, coöperative societies, and public bodies. But the actual distribution has not progressed very far as yet, and some of the land taken has been let provisionally, to new tenants or to former holders, during the period of transition.

In 1917 the Rumanian Parliament, in its refuge at Jassy, decided that small holdings should be created as an inducement to the people to resist the invader. The law regulating their formation was passed late in 1918. This extended the area held by the peasants to 75 per cent of the total arable area of the old kingdom; but it was only after the peace that the subdivision could begin. Lands owned by the Crown, corporations, foreigners, and absentees are taken first. The balance is obtained from estates containing more than 100 hectares of arable land; but the scale of expropriation is progressive, the smaller estates giving up least, and no owner can retain more than 250 hectares of arable land. Preference is given in the distribution to ex-soldiers and the dependents of those killed in the war. Cultivation by the holders is compulsory; but voluntary sale is allowed, on the ground that properties of medium size are economically desirable.

The landlords receive compensation in fifty-year bonds, carrying 5 per cent interest, and representing twenty years' purchase of the rental value from 1917 to 1922. Of the capital value of these bonds, 35 per cent is found by the State, which also, we believe, pays the interest; the peasants pay off the balance at their convenience, and we understand that many have already done so. A central office finances the transaction, and communal and district committees, representing the landlords, the peasants, and the Government, select the land to be taken. The holder may mortgage, but this is usually done through a land bank or a mutual credit society; in any case, the homestead and one hectare is exempt from foreclosure. It is stated that the supply of land for distribution has outrun the demand — which may be attributable to the rooted dislike of the Rumanian peasant to settling at a distance from the place of his birth.

In the new Rumanian territories small holdings are recognized as the basis of the agricultural economy, but this is more varied than that of the prewar kingdom. In Bessarabia after the Russian Revolution, as in Russia, the peasantry seized and divided the large estates; they accepted union with Rumania only on the condition that they should keep their new holdings, and the Rumanian Government is to pay the former landlords some compensation. In Transylvania and the other regions acquired from Hungary by the Peace Treaty of 1920, there are

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peasant owners — the Szeklers — akin to the Magyars in race, and German-speaking Saxons, a thrifty and prosperous people, whose holdings are fairly large; but much of the land is owned in large estates, and often by Magyar landlords, and its actual tillers are mostly Rumanian in race, especially in the south.

Since the cession, expropriation and peasant proprietorship have been enacted by various decrees and laws. The total amount to be expropriated is about 2,133,000 acres. No estate exceeding 666 acres is left intact, but the limit varies with the local need of land, and much smaller estates may be taken. The peasant holdings range from nine to twenty-one acres, the larger amounts being allotted 'where settlements are desirable.' Compensation is paid in fifty-year 5 per cent bonds, and based on a valuation of the land, of which an important element is the price of similar land in 1913; and it is calculated at the pre-war value of the krone. A Central Bank finances the transaction. Corporation and Church lands are included, but certain portions are exempted; and the distribution gives a preference to the former tenants and to those who have fought for Rumania in the war, disabled men coming first.

Of course, such redistribution schemes, hurriedly passed by legislatures hostile to 'landlordism,' must entail much hardship and injustice, especially where landlords are regarded as an alien and dangerous class. But the outside world is more concerned with the effect on the export of agricultural produce. Some of the largest estates in all these countries appear to have been models of highly organized agriculture, with beet-sugar factories, distilleries, costly steam-ploughs and tractors, and all the latest appliances of scientific tillage. Are these to be cut up? It appears, however, that in all these countries estates thus highly organized may be preserved intact, and either left to their owners (in Poland) or leased to coöperative societies or even to individuals. In Latvia and Esthonia coöperative organization in all its forms is greatly developed already; in Poland it is spreading through the example of the Catholic societies in the region formerly German. In Czechoslovakia it is likely to be strong, and in Rumania it is developing; and in the form of purchasing societies and creameries it can do much for the small cultivator.

Still, it does not seem that even 'the magic of property' can enable a given number of peasant holders to produce as much grain by the labor of themselves and their cattle as might be produced on a similar area cultivated by modern methods. Supporters of the reform in Latvia, Esthonia, and Poland maintain that the produce for export is increasing, but the comparison is not with the pre-war period; and a recent British official report on Rumania predicts that the peasant there will not plough deeply enough to grow wheat, but will substitute maize. Even if such fears are falsified, peasant proprietorship has other dangers. In Rumania it is believed that the extension of landholding will cause population to increase; but a thrifty and prosperous peasantry, it is argued, might limit its offspring. The French peasants do so, and the well-to-do Saxons in Transylvania.

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CAN WE SAVE THE ENTENTE?

BY L. DUMONT-WILDEN

From *La Revue Bleue, September 2*
(LIBERAL POLITICAL AND LITERARY SEMIMONTHLY)

WHEN the Armistice was signed, France — her Government, and an immense majority of her citizens — cherished the most sentimental illusions regarding our future relations with England. The memory of a comradeship at arms that had been very intimate and very loyal on the part of both nations, and an idealistic — too idealistic — conception of what the future policy of Europe would be, convinced our people that the Entente between France and England would remain the corner stone of the new order for a long time to come, even if it did not prove eternal. Would it not be the destiny of the two great nations that had defended the liberty of the world, to guide the affairs of that world according to the principles of democracy and liberalism of which they had been the champions? England seemed at that time to share fully our own sentiments toward Germany. If anything, she was the more exacting in her anger. Had not Lloyd George made his parliamentary campaign upon a platform demanding that the Kaiser be punished and Germany forced to pay to the last shilling?

Our illusions were not entirely unfounded; for there were, and I believe there still are, many Englishmen who cherish these sentiments — men like the late Marshal Wilson and Lord Northcliffe, and Lord Grey. But in every country, in England perhaps more than in any other, rulers have at their behest powerful means for fabricating public opinion. In any case, little by little, while France still trusted in past promises and in sentiments that she believed enduring, a new English policy began to outline itself. The interests of the two nations began to clash.

I say a new policy. It would be more exact, perhaps, to say a very ancient one — the traditional imperialist and mercantile policy of Great Britain. That country reverted to the maritime and insular ideas of Pitt and Beaconsfield. France is often criticized because her foreign relations are still governed by the traditions of the monarchy — geographical frontiers, the Rhine, the partition of Germany. But we now see only too clearly that rigid and narrow traditionalism is not confined to our side of the Channel. We now realize that, the moment the victory was won, England instinctively reverted to the principles that had governed her attitude toward Europe from the reign of William the Third. She hurled herself into the conflict in 1914 because Germany must not become the master of Europe, because no great naval power must be mistress of Antwerp and the Channel ports. But as soon as it was certain that this ambitious Hohenzollern dream would not be realized, she resumed her old distrust of France; her ancient, latent hostility toward her age-long rival revived.

However, if we examine to-day's international situation as it actually is, if we study the enormous world-changes of the past twenty-five years, — changes greater, perhaps, than all that occurred during the closing years of the eighteenth and the first half of

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the nineteenth century, — we shall discover that this instinctive reaction on the part of Great Britain is one of the most irrational impulses on record. France, with her low birth-rate, her peculiar political organization, her highly developed civilization, cannot become an imperialist power, no matter how much she may wish to do so. She long since achieved her fullest development. She already occupies in the world the position which she desires and to which she is entitled. She is compelled to be conservative in her foreign policies. In any case there is no point upon the globe where she dreams of competing with England. Germany, on the other hand, has been defeated in vain. She remains a redoubtable power with a future. Her high birth-rate has not been affected. Her political and racial unity has not been shaken. She must recover her former position in Europe and in the colonial world, under penalty of perishing if she fails. Therefore, she is still a Power to be feared by England as well as by France.

This is something that Lloyd George and his shortsighted supporters refuse to see. Possibly they are more aware of the truth than they admit. Perhaps their vision would have been clearer and they would not have reverted so easily to the obscure, instinctive, traditional reactions of the past, if a friendly policy toward Germany had not accorded with that business humanitarianism which Lloyd George's party has always professed. Radical and Labor theorists and captains of international finance have been on common ground in their desire to revive the old egoistic instincts of England.

Everywhere, in all parts of the globe, France finds English agents working against her interests, defeating her policies, overriding her justifiable wishes and ambitions. Whether it be in Syria, in Palestine, in Central Asia, in Persia, in China or elsewhere, the representatives of France find representatives of Great Britain already on the ground to oppose them. Nearer home, in Italy and in Central Europe, whenever France adopts one policy, England promptly adopts the opposite. If France supports Poland, England regards that country with evident ill-will. Consequently, Frenchmen have begun to ask: 'Why should there be an Entente? If those who were our trusted allies have become our enemies, if they do not wish Germany to pay us but rather to prevent our being paid, if they do all in their power to isolate us — why not remove our masks? Let us separate and each go his way.'

If this is what Lloyd George designs, he is on the point of accomplishing it. We see clearly enough that he has manœuvred to isolate France; indeed, a France completely isolated and heavily indebted to England would be completely at that country's mercy. But this is a thrust that can be easily parried.

Closer relations between France and Germany, or at least direct negotiations between the two Governments independently of England and consequently against her, have been much debated of late, not only in England and Italy, but even in Germany and France. Such a programme may appeal to our Cabinet Machiavellis. It might have succeeded in the old days when international affairs were run by professional diplomats devoid of every suspicion of sentiment. In those days a victor, as soon as he won, might extend his hand in friendship to the vanquished and join the latter against his own ally. That was a recognized procedure in practical politics in the Italy of the fifteenth century. But it has ceased to be possible since the common people, with their powerful impulses and sentiments, must be consulted.

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After the barbarous campaigns that the Germans conducted in France, no real understanding between those two countries will be possible for fifty years to come. Formal courtesies may indeed be interchanged. We may have business contracts with our former enemies, and a more or less acceptable modus vivendi may be devised, but the English may be reassured regarding actual alliances. Berlin and Paris will never conspire together at Great Britain's expense. The French statesman who suggested such a policy would be instantly sacrificed to the fury of the populace.

But France has the option of another continental policy. Germany is not the only Power in Europe. There are new States born of our victory. They are still weak, not yet in full control of all their faculties. Their energy is still absorbed in setting up a new administration, securing revenues, providing for their economic welfare, and solving complex and puzzling social and national questions. But they are vigorous, youthful, and ambitious. Great as is their pride in their own achievements, — the pride of all young peoples, — they know they owe their existence to the arms and the diplomacy of France. These Little Entente nations form a political block quite strong enough to counterbalance any alliance that a recovered Germany may make. They are as vitally interested as France in preventing Germany from resuming her policy of expansion and in forcing her to pay her Reparations debts to the full measure of her ability. Therefore, the natural continental policy of France is to ally herself with these new States. She attached less importance to this as long as she imagined that the Great Entente of Western Europe, of which she had dreamed, would endure. Since that hope has vanished, she must choose this alternative.

Europe has changed, and is still changing daily at a prodigious rate. Political factors that seem negligible to Lloyd George to-day may prove all-important to-morrow. If that should happen, it will not be the first time the British Premier has miscalculated. He trusted in Russian democracy; he trusted in German democracy; he still trusts in humanitarian pacifism to guarantee peace among our ruined nations. And while a subtle propaganda, whose elusive source may be Moscow, or Berlin, or London, represents France as the only imperialist and military Power, Lloyd George remains the hope of those who believe in revolutionary miracles. He has not yet learned that nationalism is the controlling passion of youthful peoples. He has failed to appreciate these nations' growing strength. So much the worse for him. So much the worse for England if she follows him.

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RABBI WISDOM

BY MARTIN BUBER

[The following parables, which have been handed down among the Jews for generations, are taken from a collection of Hebrew legendary lore recently published in Germany.]

From *Pester Lloyd, August* 23
(GERMAN-HUNGARIAN DAILY)

LOVE'S BIDDING

A STUDENT asked Rabbi Schmelke: 'We are bidden to love our neighbors as ourselves. How can I do that when my neighbor does me ill?'

The Rabbi answered: 'Thou must understand the command aright: love thy neighbor as something that thou art thyself; for all souls are one. Each is a spark from the original soul, and that original soul is in all of you, as thy soul is in all the limbs of thy body. It may sometimes happen that thy hand slips and strikes thee. Wouldst thou then take a rod and beat thy hand because of its blunder, and thus add to thy pain? So it is if thy neighbor, whose soul is part of thy soul, does thee ill in his blindness. If thou dost retaliate upon him, thou merely injurest thyself.'

The scholar asked again: 'But if I see a man who does ill to God, how can I love him?'

'Dost thou not know,' said the Rabbi, 'that the world soul issues from God, and that every human soul is a part of God? And wouldst thou not pity it, didst thou see one of the holy sparks from that soul caught fast and likely to be extinguished?'

MISFORTUNES

Rabbi Schmelke and his brother once went to their teacher, the Rabbi of Meseritz, and said to him: 'Our wise men have said a saying that leaves us no peace, because we cannot understand it. It is the saying that man ought to praise God for ill fortune as much as for good fortune, and should welcome both with equal gladness. Explain to us, Rabbi, how we are to understand that.'

The Maggid answered: 'Go into the schoolhouse. There you will find a man smoking a pipe. The man is Sussya. He will explain it to you.'

They went into the schoolhouse and asked their question of Rabbi Sussya. He laughed, and said: 'You have hunted up a fine party for your question. You must go to someone else, and not to a man like me, for I have never experienced misfortune in my life.'

They knew, however, that all of Rabbi Sussya's life, from the time of his birth to the day when he thus spoke to them, had been one long period of pain and suffering. Thereupon they understood.

GOOD WORKS

When Rabbi Elimelech returned home from a town that he had visited, the students accompanied him for a long distance. When the wagon in which he journeyed passed out of the town gate, the Rabbi alighted and told the driver to go on; then he walked among those who accompanied him. When the students asked him in surprise why he did this, he answered:

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'When I saw how devotedly you were performing your kind task of accompanying me, I could not bear not to share in it.'

FALSE MESSIAHS

An unbeliever asserted to the Rabbi of Berdichev that the great masters of old were steeped in error. For instance, Rabbi Akiba believed that the agitator Bar-Kochba was the Messiah, and served him.

Thereupon the Rabbi of Berdichev replied: 'Once upon a time the only son of an Emperor fell ill. One physician advised that a piece of linen be smeared with a burning salve and wrapped around the bare body of the patient. Another physician, however, discouraged this, because the boy was too weak to endure the pain that the salve would cause. Thereupon a third physician recommended a sleeping-draught; but a fourth physician feared this might endanger the heart of the patient. Upon that, a fifth physician advised that this sleeping-draught be given by teaspoonfuls to the patient, as often as he awakened and felt the burning of the salve. And this was done.

'Thus, when God saw that the soul of Israel was sick unto death, he wrapped it in the biting linen of poverty and misery, but laid upon it the sleep of forgetfulness, in order that it might endure the pain. However, lest the spirit expire utterly, he awakens it from hour to hour with a false hope of a Messiah, and again puts it to sleep until the night shall have passed and the true Messiah shall appear. For such reasons the eyes of the wise are sometimes blinded.'

PROGRESS

Rabbi Salman related: 'Before I was at Meseritz I had a faith that filled me constantly with love and with fear of God. At Meseritz I advanced to the stage where my whole conscious existence was but love and fear. When I first heard the Maggid say: "The divine attribute of grace, that is our love of God; the divine attribute of power, that is our fear of God," I imagined that it was a figure of speech, but later I saw it was a literal fact. God's grace is God's love; God's power is fear of God.'

CLAIRVOYANCE

Just before he died, a Rabbi asked his grandson: 'Dost thou see aught?' The grandson looked at the Rabbi in surprise. Whereupon the dying man said: 'I see as yet only the divine nothing that gives life to the universe.'

OPPOSITION

Rabbi Moses had been from his youth an enemy of the Chasidic doctrine, which seemed to him an untrue and wicked heresy. Once he was visiting his friend, Rabbi Joseph Ascher, who like himself was an enemy of the new teaching. It happened that just at that time the prayer book of Master Luria, the Venerable, who was the leader of the Chasidic sect, was first printed. When a copy was brought to the two Rabbis, Rabbi Moses jerked the heavy volume from the hands of the messenger, and cast it upon the ground. Rabbi Joseph Ascher picked it up and said: 'After all, it is a prayer book, and we must not treat it disrespectfully.'

When this incident was related to Rabbi Jacob of Lublin, he said: 'Rabbi Moses will join the Chasidim, but Rabbi Ascher will continue an opponent of that sect. For he who is an ardent enemy may become an ardent advocate; but he whose enmity is self-contained and moderate will never change.'

And so it happened.

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A DIALOGUE

The Rabbi of Lublin said to his student: 'Tell me, my friend, why do you swallow your words when you pray?'

'Because the words are so sweet to me.'

'Don't you think that mine may be the same to me?'

'Yours, Rabbi, are sparks of fire. One does not swallow those.'

A MERRY SINNER

In Lublin there lived a great sinner. Whenever he conceived a desire to converse with the Rabbi, the latter received him and talked with him as with a confidential friend. Many of the Rabbi's students were angered at this, and one of them said to another: 'How does it happen that the Rabbi, who can read the heart of any man the moment he first sees him, and can trace the genealogy of a soul upon the forehead, does not see that this man is a sinner? And if he sees that, how can he associate and converse with him as he does?'

Finally the two students plucked up courage to go to the Rabbi and ask him. He answered: 'I know these facts as well as you do; but you will recall how I love cheerful, happy men and dislike gloomy and despondent men. This man is a great sinner. Other men repent their sins after they have committed them, and are remorseful for a brief time, then return to their folly. This man, however, knows no remorse and no care, but dwells within his happiness as in a tower. And the charm of his happiness wins my heart.'

EMBARRASSMENT

A man to whom the Rabbi of Lublin was describing all the secret weaknesses of the soul interrupted him, saying: 'Rabbi, thou shamest me.'

'If I shame you,' said the Rabbi, 'if I shame you, I beg your pardon.'

SELF-MORTIFICATION

Once upon a time there came to the Rabbi of Kosnitz a man who wore sackcloth next his body by way of penance, and who always fasted from Sabbath to Sabbath. The Maggid said to him: 'Dost thou think that evil temptations will go out of thy way? They nest like vermin in thy sackcloth. He is a better man who pretends to fast from Sabbath to Sabbath and secretly takes a couple of bites of food each day; for he merely deceives others; but thou art to thyself a deception and a lie.'

ON THE IMITATION OF GOD

The Rabbi of Sassof once gave his last coin to a man of evil reputation. His students reproached him for it. Whereupon he replied: 'Shall I be more particular than God, who gave the coin to me?'

JUSTIFICATION

Whenever a certain Rabbi perceived anything evil, he always put in a word with God in favor of the wrongdoer. Once some people in his vicinity interrupted him with shallow chatter while he was praying. Whereupon he added to his prayer: 'Lord of the world, see these people. They call unto thee even in the midst of their eager conversation.'

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

When Rabbi Wolf of Zbaraz was upon a journey he would not permit the driver to beat his horses, saying to him: 'You have no need even to scold them, if you understand how to address them properly.'

THE VAIN HERMIT

Someone told a Rabbi about a man who was dwelling alone in the wilderness that he might acquire holiness.

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Whereupon the latter replied: 'Many thus withdraw into a wild place, and watch through the bushes to see if people are admiring them from the distance.'

BEARING ONE'S OWN LIGHT

A young Rabbi complained to his teacher: 'During the hours when I am studying, I feel filled with life and light, but as soon as I cease to study, that all disappears. What ought I to do?'

Whereupon the Rabbi answered: 'That is like a man who journeys through a forest on a dark night, and part of the way is accompanied by another who carries a lantern. At length they come to where their paths divide and each must go on alone. If each carries his own lantern, he need fear no darkness.'

THE MEANING OF LIFE

When Rabbi Bunam was lying on his deathbed, his wife wept bitterly. Thereupon he said: 'Why dost thou weep? All my life has been given me merely that I might learn to die.'

UNDER WATER. I

BY ALEXEI TOLSTOI

[The story that follows is from a short volume by this well-known author, published at Paris last year.]

THE three Russian submarines left the foreign port, without lights or signals, and put out to the open sea. Andrei Nikolaevich smiled to himself with a feeling of anxious joy: he was leaving another place behind, leaving forever; and there was nothing finer in life than parting and freedom. He looked at his watch, and in another minute ordered full speed ahead. The body of the submarine suddenly trembled and she slipped forward through the shallow waves covered with refuse and reflections of the harbor lights. Soon these lights were left far behind in the cold light of the dawn, and sank below the horizon.

A sharp wind was blowing. Big waves rose to meet the boat and fell away behind her. The sun appeared suddenly in a rift of the clouds and the sea became green. Now the concave surfaces of the oncoming waves were transparent as glass. Far ahead, where the sea joined the sky, the two radio masts of the first submarine were swaying.

From the interior of the Kate appeared the round, blue-eyed face of the first assistant officer, Yakovlev.

'Andrei Nikolaevich, it's time now. We don't know what we are — What is the order?'

Andrei Nikolaevich himself shot the sun and took the sealed order from his pocket. The exact position where the order was to be read was given on the envelope. Without haste, he broke the seals and unfolded the thin sheet of paper, protecting it from the wind with his cape. The sheet contained the short and incredible order to go to Hangö, Finland, via Skagerrack and Zund.

Andrei Nikolaevich left the first

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officer in charge and descended to a narrow corridor illuminated by a skylight. Its steel walls were painted white, behind their maze of copper pipes and wires. Warm, sweetish air, permeated with the smell of benzine and oil, rushed overhead in a strong current. The ventilators buzzed and the motor pulsated in low, measured beats. Reaching the officers' cabin, Andrei Nikolaevich sat down at a tiny, neat table, on which were a bottle of cognac, a package of biscuits, and an English novel. He began to think over the order he had just read.

While it was possible of execution, it involved great risk. Andrei Nikolaevich trusted most to a new optical device that enabled the navigating officer to see objects under the surface, even after the boat was too deeply submerged to use her periscope.

But then, it was useless to dwell on dangers not yet present. Andrei Nikolaevich drank a glass of cognac, pushed his cap to the back of his head, and looked attentively at young Prince Belopolsky, his second officer, who slept upon the upper berth, his face still yellow and waxen from the hang-over of a tropical fever.

Quartermaster Kuritsin appeared on the threshold — a square-shouldered, red-haired fellow with high cheek-bones — and reported that the commander was wanted at the radio station.

'We 're going to Hangö, Kuritsin,' said Andrei Nikolaevich, curious to know what Kuritsin would reply: for he was a man of blunt speech and independent judgment. Kuritsin twisted his head, winked at two sailors who stood behind, and said: 'Well — they say the women are fierce in that Hangö — they are!'

That was all. Even Kuritsin's wit was exhausted, and the sailors were unresponsive. Yet they seemed to realize that the adventure was a risky one.

The radio message was an inquiry as to whether he had read his order. Andrei Nikolaevich put the receiver over his head and sat down by the apparatus.

'Paris, Paris, Paris — Bombay, Bombay — Chicago, Chicago — SOS, SOS, SOS.' Voices began to pour into his ears from all over the world. 'Distress, distress — Frisco — Cotton — Frisco — Cotton — Kate, Kate — Morgenson just died —'

He caught the wave he wanted and, connecting with the submarine Z, he told her that he had read the order.

For forty-eight hours the Kate plunged through the waves. Strong, speedy, connected by innumerable voices with all the rest of the world, she filled the heart of Andrei Nikolaevich with joy. He could not quite conceive such a marvelous thing becoming the victim of a mine or a bomb; the Kate seemed called to a higher destiny than merely sinking ships on the high seas.

The first and second officers, both mere boys, feigned undaunted courage. They admired Andrei Nikolaevich and were proud of his friendship; they knew that before leaving port he had mailed a letter to a certain Tatiana Alexandrovna in Russia; and they were both somewhat in love with Tatiana Alexandrovna, without knowing who she was.

The crew took turns upon the deck when off duty. Kuritsin managed to catch, with a little net that he had contrived, a few of the countless fish that surrounded the submarine — to the vociferous delight of his comrades. At times porpoises surrounded them. They leaped out of the green water, under the very nose of the boat, flew through the air in arcs, and dived again without a splash.

All through the day Andrei Nikolaevich either slept or sat at the radio, listening to fragments of reports about

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battles in Champagne, on the Dvina, on the Austrian border, and near 'Tsargrad' (Constantinople). A certain Georges was desperately trying to send a kiss to his wife who had sailed for America, and could not get any answer: possibly her boat was the one that was broadcasting distress-calls all over the seas the previous day. Toward evening three Austrian army corps were beaten in Volhynia; hysterical calls of financial speculators filled the ocean spaces the next morning. The whole world was concentrated in the slight noises emitted by the apparatus. The past life on shore, people he knew — all was like a dream; the future terminated where the next mine barrage loomed. There was no fear, no joy, no regret — just water, and this steel box packed with men, and tiny dashes of the telegraph messages flashing in his brain.

At supper time, after the sailors had chanted grace, Andrei Nikolaevich would go upon the bridge and take the watch. Each time he noted with relief the two antennæ ahead. The sea was purple and lavender. The irregular disk of the evening sun would finally drop out of the burning clouds in the west, and pale stars and constellations would appear; in the east the moon would rise — lurid at first, like the reflection from a burning ship, before her huge, red shield came into view. But when she reached the zenith and became pale, casting a silver trail over the water, a dull, heavy anxiety would seize upon Andrei Nikolaevich. Such trivial things as, for instance, the sunset — that had nothing to do with his duty as an officer — would make him feel a pitiful mortal, who had not yet passed through the great experiences of life, and was still looking ahead with anticipation. Thereupon Andrei Nikolaevich would feel angry with himself, as he stood upon the bridge, because this feeling was to him like a breach in the steel sheathing of the Kate.

On the afternoon of the third day Andrei Nikolaevich gave the order to submerge. Sailors stood by the water-pumps. Oxygen-reservoirs, ozonators, water-distillers were inspected; the torpedo crew took their stations in the torpedo chamber. The order was given to lie down whenever possible, instead of standing up; to move as little as possible; not to talk and not to laugh. Yakovlev, who kept the watch, reported that smoke had appeared north; after that he too went down, and the last deck opening was hermetically closed. The swinging motion suddenly ceased: the Kate was now under water. Andrei Nikolaevich extinguished the lights burning in the officers' cabin and a conical sheaf of pale-blue radiance fell upon the little table. Immediately the polished surface became animated: tiny white-crested waves rippled across it, clouds were visible, and a column of smoke appeared on the left. Andrei Nikolaevich watched the sea concentrated there upon a single square foot of surface. Finally the smoke disappeared and a faint streak of land appeared on the right.

Toward evening Andrei Nikolaevich decided to rise to the surface with all lights out. All night long he stood upon the bridge. The night was still, and a light haze dimmed the stars. Far away to the south the bluish searchlight of an enemy ship touched the clouds and went out. Toward morning the two submarines ahead drew near a mine zone and submerged. One after the other, they sank — possibly forever.

The dawn was a gradual Northern dawn, with greenish and orange hues over the feathery clouds. Andrei Nikolaevich finally made out an indistinct, broken line of rocky coast across the milky surface of the gulf, and ordered a full stop. He closed his eyes for a

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moment and, taking off his cap, passed his hand over his moist forehead, and made the sign of the cross. Then they submerged.

The Kate began to sink to a great depth. Slowly, guided only by log, compass, and chart, she began to glide forward under the mine-field and the crushing weight of thousands of tons of water. The log, dragging behind on a steel rope, showed exactly her speed; the chronometer gave the time at which each turn was to be made, and the compass determined its direction. Yakovlev sat at the log-dial. Belopolsky computed minute corrections of the course, while Andrei Nikolaevich, bent over the chart, gave orders to the man at the wheel in a hushed voice: so many degrees, minutes, and seconds to the right or left. There was no swinging: the movement of the Kate through the dark waters could not be felt. The sailors were lying still in their places, trying to consume as little oxygen as possible, but the air was already heavy and thick, and their ears were ringing. From time to time someone would say, 'Lord, O Lord!' and sigh, thinking, perhaps, of his three dessiatines of land somewhere in Russia, his rye field, the whining of a colt, and the sweet wind in the bushes. The restraint weighed heaviest of all upon Kuritsin. After many hours of silence he began to clear his throat, and finally said: —

'It 's all right with us, brothers, but I just think — a whale, for instance — how he must suffer under water —'

'Keep still thou, silly woman!' somebody retorted from the darkness.

Yakovlev raised a hot and sullen face from the faintly illuminated dial and curtly ordered silence. At the same moment the Kate's bottom struck something and scraped.

'Stop! Stop!' shouted Andrei Nikolaevich, jumping out of the wheel cabin.

Flywheels hummed, and motors stopped. There remained no sound except the breathing of men. It became hot as in a Turkish bath.

Andrei Nikolaevich groped into the observation chamber, where a weak, greenish light penetrated the porthole, and glued his eyes to the glass. Slowly, gradually, shadows and outlines became visible in the undersea gloom. One of the shadows, suddenly disturbed, moved past the porthole. The round, glassy eyes of a fish stared at Andrei Nikolaevich. Then the fish shot downward so promptly and directly that it became evident the Kate was not upon a bank; nor did it seem possible that there were reefs in that locality. Without discontinuing his observations, Andrei Nikolaevich ordered the Kate to rise slightly. A multitude of shadows started away like sparrows; torn fragments of wire ladders appeared distinctly; a human form, partly eaten away by fishes, slowly swayed with outspread arms, tangled in the rigging. It was clear that the Kate had run upon the hull of a sunken ship.

This stop might prove fatal: the minutely measured progress of the boat was interrupted, her direction lost. Andrei Nikolaevich gave the order to rise slowly and he continued his observations. The shadows of the fishes disappeared in the depths; the light grew stronger. Of a sudden a dark ball became visible, immediately ahead of the rising Kate. 'A mine. We 'll strike presently,' thought Andrei Nikolaevich. With a new effort to conquer the growing stupor of his brain, he ordered a change of course. The ball grew fainter, but another appeared on their right. The Kate moved slightly forward, to evade it; but other iron balls, and more of them, appeared in the greenish gloom, as if silently waiting for the submarine to touch them. The Kate was caught in a net of mines.

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From a great height, the sea always appears transparent, and a trained eye can even detect fish under water. As was ascertained later, it was precisely in this way that two enemy hydroplanes detected the Kate as she was trying to rise to the surface from among the mines. The hydroplanes sent word to the patrol-boats; but the submarine described a wide circle under water and again sank to a great depth.

Now she ran forward blindly. The motors worked at top speed and hundreds of devils called horse-power raged within them, frantically pushing the levers, the pistons, the wheels, the shaft. The body of the submarine was palpitating. Half-naked mechanics were slowly creeping around the engines, feeling from time to time the heated parts of the machinery. It was hot and sticky. The lead reservoirs contained but an hour's supply of oxygen.

Yakovlev still sat at the recording dial, holding his heavy head in both hands. In all nooks and corners of the submarine sailors stood or lay, silent, suffocating, every one conscious of a wild desire to rise, to gasp a mouthful of fresh sea breeze, to look at the sky. Prince Belopolsky still sat over his now useless computations, and wiped his face every instant, as if trying to brush away quantities of cobweb. Finally he rose, but fell to the floor and vomited. They carried him to his berth, unconscious.

Alone, the voice of Andrei Nikolaevich, audible throughout the boat from the speaking tubes, was upholding the strength of the half-suffocated men. His plan was to run away from the mine zone, if only there was enough oxygen to enable half his men to hold out. Pale and excited, his uniform unbuttoned, he appeared everywhere, appealed to the weakening ones, poured cognac into Belopolsky's mouth, stroked the boy's hair, and kissed him on the forehead. 'Half an hour more (his brain was ringing), half an hour, in half an hour — perhaps — not all will die.'

But as he stooped too near a groping, naked, oil-smeared mechanic, he saw a purple flash before his eyes and fell back, hitting his head violently upon a machine. He did not feel any pain. The thought 'Bad!' flashed through his mind. He crawled to the emergency reservoir, opened the faucet, and drank the gas with avidity until he felt dizzy and a delicious fire ran through his veins. He rose to his feet, staggering, and looked around at objects and faces which suddenly became unusually clear. All the faces were turned to him in one mute question, entreating him with their eyes. The high-cheeked, bearded faces, some of them still boyish, looked at that moment quite strikingly what they were in reality — ordinary Russian peasant faces. This one here was taken right from a stack of hay in his native village, trained, uniformed, and put on the Kate, fifteen fathoms under the surface of the sea. And that other one surely has an izba with roaches crawling all over it, and a calf; his eyes look meek, like the eyes of cattle. Just the same, he will have to die. Nothing doing. We must —

In the corridor Andrei Nikolaevich came unexpectedly upon Kuritsin. The broad-shouldered sailor stood leaning against the wall and gasping for air, like a fish. The veins of his forehead and neck stood out, his face was blue. At the sight of the commander he tried to assume a brave air, made one of his habitual silly faces, and muttered: 'Beg pardon, sir. Got a little dizzy, sir.'

Andrei Nikolaevich looked Kuritsin closely in the face and saw that the little green eyes of the man were hazy with approaching death. He swore in a stifled voice. With a sudden impulse he turned to the nearest telephone opening and

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ordered 'Rise!' The Kate started and swayed upward. For four and a half minutes she was rising — like four and a half years of waiting for a stroke, a thunder, a flash — death and destruction. Suddenly she stopped. Light fell upon the periscope-table. The men crawled toward the deck and opened the hatchway; cold, briny air began to pour in, tearing the lungs, befogging the brain. The ventilators and air-pumps buzzed and started working. Andrei Nikolaevich jumped out first and closed his eyes with a faint outcry. The evening sun lay over a heap of puffy, warm clouds; there was no breeze; the gulf was like a mirror.

With trembling fingers, Andrei Nikolaevich began to get their position. Yakovlev, Kuritsin, and the sailors stood behind him. But a violent buzzing was heard somewhere in the sky; then came the rhythmic noise of a machine gun and the steel of the submarine emitted a slight sound, as if a few peas were scattered upon it. A hydroplane with pointed wings was slowly descending in broad circles.

Andrei Nikolaevich glanced at it sidewise, bit his lips, and continued his observations. The sailors clicked their carbines. The hydroplane almost touched the water, rose slightly, and with a shrill 'fr-r-r-r' flew directly over the submarine. A clean-shaven aviator sat at the control, and behind was an observer, looking down, waiting. In another moment the latter leaned back, lifted a bomb in both hands, and dropped it into a tube. It fell into the water, close to the Kate, and at the same moment Kuritsin fired. The observer's face with its black moustache shriveled into a grimace; he raised his arms aimlessly and the hydroplane swiftly glided upward.

'Wounded, he's wounded,' cried Yakovlev in a shrill voice. Over the distant mountain-range appeared another plane. The Kate moved on quietly over the milky surface with its orange gleams.

'There are reefs and banks in these places, and I shall not venture under water,' Andrei Nikolaevich said to Yakovlev. A grenade whizzed past. He ordered more speed, and another grenade struck the water near by, then a third exploded in the air. The Kate turned south, then east again, but now sparkling, fiery balls were bursting on all sides.

A hydroplane flashed over their heads, with two pale faces staring down from it. A little fire burst over the stern and Shubin, a torpedo man, fell into the water.

'Everyone below — to the devil!' shouted Andrei Nikolaevich, cursing meaninglessly and violently, and directing the submarine's course to where fewer missiles fell. The Kate kept turning like a hunted animal. On all sides the smoke-columns of speeding destroyers were closing upon her. A shell flew by; a strong, hot wave blew Andrei Nikolaevich off his feet. At the same moment the radio antennæ crashed down into the sea.

The Kate, submerged to the bridge, was flying shoreward. From somewhere near the cliffs six large sparks flew toward the submarine, and almost simultaneously six steel demons in steel cylinders flew over her. The dark, slender shadow of a destroyer could be seen moving along the rocky shore. A slight concussion shook the Kate all over and a pointed, blind torpedo flew from her side under the surface of the sea. After one long moment, where the shadow of the enemy warship had been, a chaotic mountain of fire and water rose and slowly subsided. There was no more shadow.

The Kate flew into the mouth of a small, still bay and sank to the sandy bottom.

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AN INTERVIEW WITH RICHARD STRAUSS

BY ALBERTO DE ANGELIS

From *La Tribuna, September 2*
(Rome Liberal Daily)

I MANAGED to secure admission to the magnificent music-hall of the Mozarthaus at Salzburg to hear the rehearsal of a symphony concert that Richard Strauss was directing for the following Sunday. Zola somewhere uses the metaphor 'the forehead of a bull' to indicate the will power and brain power of one of his characters. Richard Strauss does not make this impression. His broad and lofty forehead — a true Beethoven dome — has about it an aggressive directness that at first glance suggests an armored turret. And the subdued fire that illumines his countenance, with its florid complexion and militant contour, strengthens the impression produced by this dominant feature of his physiognomy.

You behold the vigorous and forcible countenance of a man of action, of a creator. But whatever is intimidating in this momentary impression, though vivid, is fleeting. When you observe Strauss more closely you note that his eyes, which when half closed seem to have a subtle and feline brilliancy, disclose when wide open the calm of deep waters. Their regard is one of proud gentleness, relieved at times by flashes of kindly humor. These expressive and intelligent eyes are set widely apart, as frequently happens among Germans. His nose is large and full of character; a white, closely-trimmed moustache surmounts a mobile mouth, whose slightly protruding lips, drawn down at the corners, give him a pouting expression that adds to the humorous good-nature of his countenance — not beautiful but winning. His head is crowned with an abundance of rapidly whitening hair, well trimmed, like that of an ordinary business man.

In fact, Richard Strauss is one of those rare artists who avoid the extravagances of dress and appearance affected by so many of their confrères. His taste seems to be to look like a broker, or any other well-dressed city man; this morning he was fashionably dressed in a gray, newly pressed suit that fitted him perfectly, and set off admirably his tall, erect, handsome figure. Neither does his manner of directing suggest a desire to be different from ordinary men. His head remains firmly poised upon his muscular neck, his shoulders are bent but slightly over the music desk to follow the notes, — for his sight is perfect, — and his body remains almost immovable except for the slight motion communicated to it by the restrained and rhythmic motion of his arms and by a light tapping of his foot to mark the time.

This composer of such wonderful music, of marvelous arabesques of orchestral complexities, of weird melodies, of expressionist paroxysms that some critics call hysterical, is in his capacity as a director serene, calm, patient, approachable, and by no means personally exacting. Although his musicians are keenly intent upon his slightest move and gesture, they evidently do not fear him. Whenever the master stops them, or interrupts the rehearsal with his keen and humorous comments, they smile respectfully but without em-

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barrassment. He never corrects them at random. Every word is precise, and contributes to expressive interpretation. Strauss realizes that even experts in the technique of an art, who are perfectly familiar with its special terms, understand more readily from examples than from explanations; so whenever he wishes to show how a passage should be executed, he either whistles it or sings it. His voice, like his gestures, is clear, perfectly modulated, and controlled both in singing and in speaking.

When the rehearsal was over he seated himself among his musicians as unaffectedly as if he were one of them, folded his arms, crossed his legs, and half closed his eyes, as if he were contemplating some inner vision. For this fiery composer is, after all, a dreamy man — *träumerisch*, as his friends say. But this mood speedily passed. He smiled, joined the general conversation, and listened patiently to the suggestions and requests of his colleagues.

I profited by this interval to introduce myself. My original timidity, due to certain stories I had heard of the surly and hostile way in which Strauss sometimes received newspaper interviewers, had almost vanished as I watched the simple cordial manner of the man. None the less I must confess that I introduced myself to the greatest living composer with a certain degree of trepidation. Instantly, however, he put me at my ease. Extending his hand kindly, he jumped down from the orchestra platform as lightly as a boy, and, so to speak, stood at my service.

'An Italian. Good. I speak your language a little. But it would be rather hard for me to maintain a continued conversation.' So our interview was principally in German, with a sprinkling of Italian, French, and Esperanto.

'Yes,' he said in answer to my question. 'I have just finished the score of a ballet in two acts. I have also written the libretto. It is called *Schlagobers*.'

'What does that mean?'

'I don't know just how to translate it, because it is a word that I can hardly express in another language. It is the name of a dish that is a little like your Italian *panna montata* — whipped cream.'

'What is the theme, sir?'

'Oh no, I don't permit myself to answer that question. It is enough to say that it is a comic opera; perhaps you might call it a humorous skit.'

'When will it be presented?'

'Next April, during the lyric season at the Vienna Opera. It will be directed by my friend, Franz Schalk.'

'But, I beg pardon, sir, this title so — sweet, might possibly suggest a new art tendency, a drift toward more simplicity, more melody, the Italian type. Possibly it will confirm what some critics, especially Italian critics, fancied they detected in your last orchestral composition, your *Symphony of the Alps*, which was lately given in our country. And the subject is somewhat Italian, or at least it belongs to our common frontier.'

The composer smiled assent. 'Certainly; certainly. There is some truth in that, although this development is ultramodern, in the sense that it represents a continued evolution of orchestral and harmonic types — we must keep going ahead, you know. At the same time the sum total of the music, its color, expression, meaning, is keyed more truly to the popular ear, and so is what you have called more melodious.'

'This tendency is not so novel in your compositions. The *Rose Cavalier* possessed this quality, don't you think so?'

'Certainly. But that was merely a beginning. Since then I have followed farther along that path. Strauss is no

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longer a modernist. He is constantly growing more classical,' he added with a smile, giving an odd humorous emphasis to these last words.

'Apropos of Italy,' I inquired, 'what do you think of modern Italian music?'

'To tell the truth, I am not familiar enough with it to express a competent opinion. Last season Montemezzi's *L'Amore dei Tre Re* was given at the Volksopera in Vienna. I was deeply disappointed at not being able to hear it, but it was very well spoken of, to my great satisfaction.'

'One more question: Is the fact that you have consented to direct four of Mozart's operas at the Stadt-Theater here to be interpreted as further evidence of your return to classical music?'

'To be perfectly candid, such a precise deduction would not be valid. I have consented to direct here with Schalk. But the committee in charge of the Mozart Festival has really invited the whole staff of the Vienna Opera to present these works, and I am here merely as one of the directors of that organization. But it is indeed true that the pleasure I derive from serving in this capacity during the Mozart Festival is due to my deep love and admiration for the remarkable Salzburg composer, and to my growing absorption in classical music.'

'But do you not fear that the prospect of establishing a permanent Mozart Opera at Hellbrunn, like the Wagner Opera at Bayreuth, may fail to achieve equal success? Wagner operas appeal to broad human interests and æsthetic principles that certainly are more vivid and real to the world at large than Mozart's operas. I say this with all respect and admiration for the latter. Mozart is to-day as much alive as a musician as when he dwelt here on earth, but his operatic productions are somewhat out of date. Is it not possible that operatic compositions are more likely than any other form of music to lose their modernity and cease to be the fashion?'

'Your reasoning is undoubtedly just, but your premises are not quite exact. It is not really proposed to establish a permanent Mozart Opera at Hellbrunn. What we wish to do is to make Hellbrunn, or better said, the Duchy of Salzburg, a musical centre — I might say, an intellectual centre — of an international character. Consequently, not only Mozart's operas, but those of any other great composer, ancient or modern, may be presented here; preferably, however, older operas, because the theatre is so small that pieces requiring our large modern scenic effects cannot be given. For instance, we could hardly present Meyerbeer's operas. However, with these exceptions there will be an open field for all operas of the first quality. Neither is it proposed, as some imagine, to make this exclusively a centre of local music. The plan is to give German operas — those of Gluck, Weber, Wagner, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, my own things, and operas of any other country, including yours. We shall be equally eclectic in selecting our directors and singers. For instance, if Italy were willing to send here the full cast of one of her own opera companies to present a certain opera, we should welcome the suggestion. We would go still further. Those having the matter in charge propose to give generous attention to prose works that require a musical accompaniment: for instance, Goethe's *Faust*, which is to be presented here in full for the first time upon the stage; the more imaginative dramas of Shakespeare; the romantic pieces of Schiller and Grillparzer; Raymund's dramatized fairy tales; and the comedies of Calderon and Molière.'

'Is it your intention to visit us soon in Italy? Or are you still offended with the people of Milan for the lukewarm

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reception they gave to your *Rose Cavalier*?'

'No, no, I am not offended in the slightest with the people of Milan, nor with any other people in Italy. I have always received the most warm and cordial welcome from them, both as a private individual and as a director. Furthermore, it has never seemed to me sensible to be piqued because a person does not happen to like one of my productions. Even if I were sensitive on such subjects, however, I could not feel so in this case, because the later presentations of my *Rose Cavalier* in Italy have been received with more than the usual favor. Now, you ask whether I propose to visit Italy soon. I should like to; I have received several invitations to do so; but other things prevent just now. In September the Vienna opera season begins again. I shall have to be there to arrange the season's programme and the scenery for my new ballet. Then I have agreed, as soon as that is over, to direct a series of symphony concerts by the orchestra of the Royal Theatre at Bucharest. They are to be given in that capital and in Athens, Cairo, and Constantinople.'

The great composer extended his hand with a smile to bid me adieu. '*Auf wiedersehen*,' he said.

'No,' said I, 'let's make it *arrivederci*.' 'Certainly, *arrivederci*, and soon, at Rome.'

A CENSUS-TAKER IN RUSSIA

BY V. I. TALIN

From *Sovremennya Zapiski, February*
(Paris Russian-Language Liberal Bimonthly)

I soon became thoroughly skeptical as to the usefulness and importance of my work. I saw that it would never amount to anything more than driving from village to village on peasants' carts. I saw that I was a deceiver sent by deceivers in order to teach others how to deceive; and that our joint labors would merely turn out a grand, All-Russian fake called 'Results of the All-Russian Census.' I felt all the time like abandoning my task, taking the first cart that would carry me back to my superiors, and telling them: 'Do what you will with me. I cannot do this sort of thing any longer; I refuse to take a part in this repulsive comedy.'

But I never obeyed this impulse. I felt that I was hopelessly a part of the huge, complicated Soviet machine, held fast there by thousands of gears, belts, and shafts, and utterly helpless to tear myself loose. Why? Because it was only as a part of this huge system of deceit that I was entitled to live, to breathe, to tread the surface of the earth, to eat — in short, to exist. Outside this vicious circle I should cease to be; I should become an 'unregistered soul,' for whom there is no place in the world. I was a Soviet 'instructor' or 'statistician.' To be sure, I was nothing but that, just as a log is merely a log or a stone merely a stone: I was not supposed to have any individual purpose or interest in life. But at least I could live.

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Consequently, I appeared every day at the 'Volost,' the seat of Government for our district, asked for a team of horses, listened to the president of the Volost Soviet shouting at the peasants, and watched the peasants. The latter would use all their wits and artifices to delay our departure: they would glance at me sidewise many times; slowly feed the horses; slowly and repeatedly tie the worn harness together in different places with little strings; go out of doors for a minute or two — ad infinitum.

As soon as we left the Volost Soviet, however, the peasants and myself would feel better friends. We would drive in the cool, soft morning air, under the blue sky, the friendly, sunny atmosphere enveloping us on all sides. My peasant conductor would seem to realize that I was something else than a Soviet statistician, that I was a human being like himself, and would start a friendly conversation. I would also feel out there, in the fields, that he no longer was just 'a peasant's cart,' but a brother man. The world would begin to look brighter and more cheerful, including even the small skinny horse with only one eye, and the disheveled rooster that narrowly escaped the wheels of our cart and then looked at us in his stupid and innocent way. He, the rooster, knows nothing of this present life of ours!

About a mile from the village we rashly drove on a small rustic bridge, when my driver abruptly stopped the horse, jumped down, and swore.

'What's the matter?' I asked.

'The devil! I forgot about the logs.'

He had neglected to look at the logs which formed the bridge floor. Several of these were missing, undoubtedly stolen for fuel. The horse might step through the holes and break his legs. Fortunately, the logs were not fastened. We arranged them so there were no big gaps; then I took two logs from the bridge floor behind our cart and added them to those in front; thus the gaps were reduced to a harmless size.

'That's fine,' said the driver, looking mischievously at the large gap I had left behind us by my taking out the two extra logs. The next travelers would have to rearrange the bridge to suit themselves, but why should we worry about that? My driver carefully led his horse across. The animal was a wonderful equilibrist; he must have had much previous practice balancing himself on loose, round-topped, slippery logs. The driver also seemed used to it. In Russia everybody is used to everything.

Just after this adventure I had an odd conversation with my driver.

'But why don't they nail the logs down?' I asked.

'Nail them down? Nails are dear. A nail costs more than a log. Metal!'

'Just the same —'

'Not at all the same. Thou dost not understand. Nowadays they do not use nails even to make a coffin for a just man. How much less proper it would be to waste nails to accommodate a living thief!'

'Why do you say "accommodate a thief"? It would be for everybody's convenience.'

'I tell thee, there would n't be enough nails to satisfy all the thieves. Convenience! If everyone had conveniences, no one would ever be in a fix!'

'Why should anyone necessarily be in a fix?' I queried, making a last attempt at clearing up his point. But he was not willing to clear it up.

'N-neces-s-sarily,' he echoed, with conviction, to show that further discussion was useless.

We drove on. After a couple of miles of undisturbed traveling we suddenly heard a startling shout behind us: 'Stop! Stop! Stop!'

We felt unsafe; instinctively both

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driver and horse combined their efforts to double our speed. However, we heard a shot and stopped. A peasant with a knout in his hand, out of breath, his face distorted with mortal fear, was running toward us.

'What is the matter?' I asked him.

'Lost — lost the matches —'

Was it I who had lost the priceless treasure? I felt my pocket — they were there. The peasant noticed my movement, and showed great excitement.

'Oh Lord, not you — not you. *They* lost their matches!'

'Who in the world —'

'Oh my Lord in Heaven! *They*, I tell you *they* did!' At this point he made a terrible face, lowered his voice to almost a whisper, and said: 'They — The commissars —' He lowered his voice still more and added: 'Drunk!'

'Then what in the world do you want of me?'

'Oh my, oh my,' he repeated in perfect despair. 'Did n't I tell you? They're shooting! Murdering! They saw you smoke as you drove by, and said: "He has matches! Run along! Get 'em quick!" And they struck me on the head. So please, sir, won't you give —'

My heart bled at parting with my matches. I left just a few for myself and tore a piece of sandpaper off the box. The peasant started running back with my matches. But at this moment a shot sounded again. He fell flat on the ground, waited a moment, and then ran on in the direction of a crossing where several people were visible in a cart and where the smoke from a revolver-shot still hovered in the air.

I felt ashamed. My driver was silent; I wondered if he did not think me the same sort of creature as those 'murdering' men yonder. To be sure, I behaved decently; nevertheless, I somehow felt responsible for the doings of those scoundrels.

The mild, blue cupola of heaven no longer seemed a wonder-castle, where I was far away from the world. My driver and I were not alone any longer. We drove through a country infested with 'murdering' monsters, and I was one of them! What difference did it make that I was an 'instructor,' a census man? I was helping to bolster up the All-Russian lie. How many acres will remain uncultivated or tardily cultivated because I am using, for weeks, some peasant's priceless possession — his horse? How much fear, hatred, mistrust will oppress those peasants' bosoms at the sight of the stupid blanks I must fill out? It was all very well for us, non-Bolsheviki, to say in our hearts that we were doing as useful work as we could; but we did it at the command of just such drunken murderers, who had frightened the peasants into obeying us. Indirectly, I have those murderers to thank for the kind reception I sometimes get at a peasant cabin; for they have made a decent, kind remark, without obscene oaths, so rare that it immediately wins the hearts of these harassed people.

Soon I should be safely back at work in my Statistical Department, registering people's food cards, taking away old cards on which the holders had received hardly anything and issuing new ones on which they would get still less; supervising the work of twenty young ladies of 'bourjooy' extraction who would calculate the per cent of the old ration in calories to the new ration in calories, and the per cent of both new and old calories to the calories of prewar times, and the proportion of both new and old calories to the calories consumed by the American workingman and the Canadian farmer. After that I should write a report concerning calories in particular and calories in general, demonstrating graphically that to-day one calory costs much more than

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it had cost yesterday and that it cost ten times more yesterday than it did a week before. And in the end I should be rewarded with the encouraging remark of the inspector, a workman from Kharkov: 'Well done, comrade. Such workers as you are vitally necessary for our Soviet Russia!'

These thoughts and the swaying of the cart finally rocked me to sleep.

'Stop! Stop! Stop!' shouted somebody near by.

'What is it?'

'Your documents!' We were on the main highway. Who were these men who wanted to check up my documents? But no questions might be asked. I produced my documents.

'Nikolai! Search the cart!'

'Wait a moment,' I answered; 'I'll get off and you can then search it better.'

Nikolai showed an inclination to wait, but his companions shouted at him: 'What? Were n't you told to search the cart?'

Our documents were satisfactory and we were permitted to proceed. In a short time we reached a village and my driver said with a sigh of relief: 'Praise to the Lord! Now we won't get anything more of that sort. It's just along the roads that their army is promenading like that.' After a short silence he added: 'And you — you are not a commissar. Or are you? You showed them a good lot of papers, and then they did not look into your sack at all.'

I did not know how to combat his logic; but I tried. 'No, I am just an employee.'

'I say! So they don't harm the employees, do they?'

'You have seen that they searched me, as they would anyone else.'

'Searched — nothing! They never looked into your sack.'

'Well, I really do not know; perhaps they did look into it.'

'No, sir. They did n't. I watched them all the time.'

I could see that he no longer had confidence in me. Even if I were not a commissar, I must be something like a 'bourjooy,' a person whose sack was immune from Bolshevist perquisition.

At the Volost office in this village I hunted up a school-teacher who was supposed to help me with my statistical work; but we had to wait, as a meeting was in progress, and the teacher was busy taking notes of the speech of a propagandist, sent in from somewhere to explain the land-reform to the peasants. The propagandist began his speech with the statement that the Government Department entrusted with the reform could not start any practical work because the Government was busy combating counter-revolution. Having expounded the land-reform, the orator informed his audience that anyone present was at liberty to ask questions, if any point was not clear. The peasants were silent.

The president, a huge, well-fed peasant, rose and asked the audience if they understood, and if it were all right.

'Right!' they shouted obediently.

'Every poor peasant is duty bound to ask enlightenment of the Soviet authority if he does not understand,' the president added.

'Right!' they shouted again, and no questions were asked. The peasants moved out of the room, and the orator, radiantly happy, began to verify the record made by the school-teacher.

I did not want to disturb them, so I began looking over the posters on the wall. They formed a splendid collection of Soviet propaganda material. One poster showed a mysterious and complicated machine. A peasant was pouring grain into it at one end, while another was pulling a strip of cotton cloth from the other end. The inscription

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explained, 'Everything is exactly as pictured here: the peasant pours his surplus grain into the State factory and receives in exchange the satisfaction of all his needs.' There was another poster showing a mob of peasants with axes and clubs storming a landowner's mansion; the inscription explained: 'The peasants' judgment is severe.' There were others I had seen before, one of them with an inscription in the new, distorted, Bolshevist Russian language. The words were totally incomprehensible to me, but had stuck in my memory for hours, obsessive nonsense, when I sat in my Statistical Department without a thing to do, after all the per cents of everything to everything were completely calculated.

When the teacher and I left the Volost office, we found the whole audience of the Bolshevist propagandist sitting on the ground, watching the pitiful antics of a peasant, the poorest and most abject among them, who filled the post of village buffoon. The whole crowd seemed to be resting after the mental exertion of listening to the Bolshevist orator.

'Both this clown and the president of the "Committee of the Village Poor" are registered as destitute,' the teacher explained to me. 'This fellow has nothing at all, but is a clown for the president, who possesses a well-stocked wine-cellar, about fifty pigs, five cows, and four horses, and who hires help. He has millions of rubles' worth of harness alone, and has the whole village in his debt.'

I asked the teacher if he had already trained census-workers to assist him and myself. He confessed that he had not trained anyone, even though there was plenty of time.

'It is a hopeless proposition,' he explained to me. 'I cannot get hold of anyone for this purpose. Every little while we have a church holiday in one of the neighboring villages, and they tell me they can make much more in connection with those holidays than they ever would by working for the census. Any peasant that can play the guitar, balalaika, or accordion, or who can help in the choir, can get enough food for it to last him a few months. They will not listen to me, and I cannot force them to obey.'

I knew that all this was true. I have seen several church holidays when wine flowed in streams, and the people were possessed by a sort of pagan frenzy. Red Guards would come in for their share of the good time; all the outcasts would have their day; village morals would descend to the lowest standard; one or two persons were always killed — out of sheer excitement, as everybody was virtually beside himself. The rich peasants became generous at such times, and the poor, of course, could not afford to miss their opportunity. No one would ever think of working on those days.

Nevertheless, the teacher promised me to use every effort to find assistants. He sent his own little girl to the house of a peasant who could read and write; the girl came back, weeping; she reported that the man was drunk and violent, and told her he 'knew all the authorities and could appeal to them, and they could never make him budge!'

We decided to start collecting figures ourselves, and we began with the nearest cabin. In response to the frantic barking of dogs, a feeble old woman appeared in the courtyard, and the following conversation ensued: —

'Is Matvey at home?' the teacher asked.

'I don't see who it is that thou hast with thee,' she answered.

'It's one of our own. Will you tell me about Matvey?'

'One of our own? I cannot see. Cannot see a thing.'

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'Listen, old woman! I tell you this man is all right!'

'All right, thou sayest? Ah — And I heard the dogs bark and I thought: "My Lord! they bark as if there was a stranger in the yard." I always can tell by the way the dogs bark, whether there is a stranger there, or one of our own men.'

'So, then, you believe your dogs more than you do me, do you?'

'What hast thou said? Cannot hear. Say it again.'

'I asked you where Matvey was.'

'And what dost thou want?'

'I have to talk business with him.'

'Business?'

'Yes, business.'

'All right. Then come again, a little later. Come alone.'

'But where is Matvey?'

'Thou canst look for him, dear man; thou canst look in the shed.'

We walked into the shed and found Matvey. But, oh Heaven, in what shape did we find him! He lay like a lifeless mass upon the hay, all filth, sleeping a deep, drunken sleep.

'Well,' I said to the teacher, 'if the census progresses at this rate in your district, I can tell you for sure that we shall both be in the Tcheka before long.'

A pitiful protest was the answer: 'Now, what can I do? My business is supposed to be to teach the children. And I am here like a handy man for the whole village. At the Coöperative Society they want me. When the authorities order something to be played upon the stage, they want me. At the Committee of the Destitute they want me, too, to take notes at meetings. Any official who happens to drop from heaven into our village wants me at once. I cannot do everything. I live like a beggar, on whatever alms the peasants give me. I do not receive any salary, and as for government rations, all I have had for a long, long time was one box of shoe polish — and I have no shoes! I gave the polish to the President of the Destitute in exchange for a chicken. My wife is sick, and there are two children at home. I must look after my own house. My pig died the other day. The school hut must be repaired. I'm running and fussing and tormented all the time. Accursed life! Let them take me to the Tcheka, together with my wife and children! I'm disgusted with this life. Let the cow die and the bees fly away — I don't care. I'll tell them the whole truth.'

'To whom will you tell the truth!'

'To them. To everybody. I'm a member of the Social-Democratic Party.'

He was beside himself and began telling things which might have cost him dearly if repeated outside. After I succeeded in calming him somewhat, he promised me to do all he could to set things right, and even conceived an idea that we might make the assistants take compulsory courses in instruction.

'I will ask the President to call them together. They are afraid of him, and besides, he will feed them. He will put wine and bacon on the table and tell them he won't let them go until they have learned the census instructions by heart.'

I am sitting in my office again and the idea keeps torturing me, as before, that this town is at the very border of Rumania — another country where bread is sold at one ruble a pound; that all I need to do is to cross the Dniester River — not a broad river, either. I know that all of us non-Bolsheviki in this town are tortured by the same obsessive thought. But Rumanian guards fire from the other bank, and Bolshevist guards fire from here at anyone who tries to cross.

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I am lying on the ground in a shallow ravine overgrown with acacias. My baggage is with me: a brief-case with one shirt and a razor — that is all I shall carry out of Russia. We are waiting for an opportunity to cross the Dniester. My guides are two boys from across the frontier, Russian anti-Bolsheviki who do this business regularly and make good money, although they pretend to work 'for the sake of the idea.' To prove that claim they occasionally set fire to some Soviet building or take a Bolshevik prisoner. They have huge revolvers and are in love with them, playing with them incessantly.

'I'll kill you, Vasska!' one of them says, pressing the muzzle of the loaded revolver against the other's forehead.

'Drop it!' the other says, undisturbed.

'I'll kill you, upon my word.'

His chum makes a humorous grimace. They are having a good time.

It is dark and we are crossing the river in a small rowboat. My heart aches with the memories of twenty years of struggle, suffering, ardent desire for the liberation and the future of my country. And all the result of it is that I am here, at the mercy of two young brigands, praying they may not be planning to kill me — fleeing from Russia, the Russia for which I had hoped to live!

But I cannot return, I do not want to go back to those statistics, those rations of a box of shoe polish, to those long lists of executed people, to that fetid atmosphere — I am leaving my country. I am an emigrant —

REMY DE GOURMONT, J.-H. FABRE, AND THE ANTS

BY VICTOR CORNETZ

From *Mercure de France, August* 15
(Clerical Conservative Bimonthly)

In a recent study of the writings of Remy de Gourmont, the author dwells principally upon his literary criticism. Touching lightly on his scientific writings, he is content merely to remark that 'a curious portion of his criticism is devoted to the entomologist, J.-H. Fabre, whose work has such great philosophic significance. Gourmont has taken advantage of numerous facts set forth in the *Life of the Insects* to support his own theory of instinct, namely, that it is nothing but automatic intelligence.'

I may myself remark in passing that, though Remy de Gourmont may really have made use of Fabre's observations, his theory runs quite contrary to the ideas of the great observer of Sérignan; but I shall return to that further on. On the other hand, André Gide's criticism of de Gourmont's scientific discussions is well known: 'When he begins to talk science, his wit falls off immediately.' In another passage he says, 'M. de Gourmont excels in what I call "reasoning by display."'

Is this view of de Gourmont's scientific attainments due solely to M. Gide's optical equipment, or is it due

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to something in the writer whom he scrutinizes, or to both these causes? I am not sure I can throw light on the question, but it may be interesting to describe an instance of Remy de Gourmont's remarkable perspicacity in a domain which is familiar to me, but into which he made only one incursion.

First of all I must recall a personal memory, which may have something to do with my sympathy for Remy de Gourmont. He had devoted an article in his *Promenades philosophiques* to a brochure of mine that may at that time have had a few dozen readers and has not had many more since. Very proud of being singled out for comment by such a writer as de Gourmont, I wrote him a long rigmarole. He replied with a letter that I can still see perfectly. In the middle of a fair-sized page, between 'Monsieur' and a formula of salutation, there was only one sentence, written in very small characters, and this sentence said: 'The human spirit can move only in the relative.'

All the theories of Einstein and the relativists are summed up there. 'It's a commonplace,' some one may say. Yes, but — as we shall see — it is both important and fruitful. Now let us turn to the problem of instinct. Let us read J.-H. Fabre, who is a great lyric poet writing in prose. Having discovered a host of new facts, he describes, in fascinating and enthralling fashion, the lives and the habits of insects. But there is one thing we must understand, especially where the question of instinct is involved: Fabre makes no explanations. His dread of explanatory theorizing amounts to a veritable mania. Why? In my opinion, because theories are likely to assume the existence of something in animals that comes dangerously close to rudimentary intelligence; and, Fabre says, 'that would lower man by elevating the animal.' He will have no talk of evolution. The magnificent new world of new positions and new ideas set up by the various evolution-theories remains closed ground for him.

Remy de Gourmont teaches that an intelligent act, an act new in itself, has always preceded what we call an instinctive act. The new act, in which everything goes on as if the animal had for the first time set up a series of relationships within itself, becomes automatic through habit. I follow Gourmont in employing the phrases 'act new in itself' and 'habitual act,' rather than 'intelligence' and 'instinct.' One arrives at his idea by means of an analogy, not permitting himself to be impressed either by the 'abyss' separating man and animal or by the length of time that his theory demands. Man possesses a host of animal instincts; he is, according to Forel, crammed with 'automatisms.' He has some instincts that are ancestral, others that are acquired. In man, actions which in the beginning are acquired through understanding and the associative memory, become automatic in the end.

But what new acts do insects perform? You may spend years watching them perform only the same old acts. As Major Ferton writes, — a remarkable observer, much superior to Fabre, so far as the precision of his descriptions is concerned, — 'acts new in themselves are very rare.' Forel says that there are 'little spurts of plastic judgment' among ants. For my own part I should find it very natural for a species of ants to pass centuries without a single act new in itself. What does mere length of time signify for the ant, which was already in existence in the Tertiary Epoch? If a kind of moving picture could be invented to show us the life of a species at the rate of a minute for each thousand years, we

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should find the whole thing very simple. 'Yes,' I hear one of my readers saying, 'but for me fifty years are fifty years, and I should like to see something happen in the course of that time.'

Well, here are two examples of what I mean. Dr. Santschi, of Kairwan, in Tunis, a justly famous student of ants, observes that an ant which habitually lives in a warm region makes its home in a certain way. But when accidentally transported to a cold mountain region, its habit of a thousand years changes. It adapts itself by a genuinely new act. An amateur student of insects in Algiers, Charles Jourdan, had a bird-snare that stood on the top of a post. The grain-eating ants swarmed up the post and took the grain in the snare. Charles Jourdan put a strip of birdlime around the post, but the ants covered it over with earth. That was an habitual act whose origin is unknown — for this is the way in which they usually cover over any ill-smelling substances that disturb them. Then the observer gave up the post and set his snare on top of a support that stood in the middle of a basin of water. The ants' road — a trail of odors — now led the insects to the edge of a pool. What did they do? They brought twigs, bits of leaves, anything that would float, and built a moving carpet over the water, across which ants could walk.

Now this was undeniably an act new in itself, for the making of a covering for water is wholly outside the habits of these ants and of their ancestors in northern Africa. When they come into contact with moist sand at the edge of the sea, they draw back. When it rains, they stay in their nests. They never come into contact either with running or with stagnant water. Their action is identical with what we term intelligence in man. It seems amazing because it is unusual, but that is the result of our failure to take time into account. Assume a cinematograph of the sort I described a little while ago, and there is nothing surprising about it.

Remy de Gourmont, therefore, has the merit — no small merit, by any means — of freeing us from the difficulties over the question of instinct, under which we labored in the nineteenth century. 'It was nothing but a pseudoproblem,' as Louis Rougier would say. This theory, which Gourmont stoutly affirmed, is to-day accepted by the 'official' scientists — that is, the specialists. E. L. Bouvier, Professor at the Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle, says in his magnificent work on *The Habits and Metamorphoses of Insects* that 'the instincts, originating in intelligent acts, show themselves as automatic acts'; and again, that 'the psychic activities of insects were at first intelligent acts.' And again he declares, 'These actions seem to be unchanging; but to think them so, as J.-H. Fabre does, is to take appearance for reality.'

J.-H. Fabre and Remy de Gourmont have both observed a certain fact in the little world of the ants, and it is interesting to contrast their thoughts on the same subject. After watching the robber ants returning to their homes in a body, loaded with booty, J.-H. Fabre writes: —

> The ants, let us suppose, have just traversed a dense mass of dead leaves — a passage that for them is full of abysses, where sudden falls appear again and again at every moment, where many exhaust themselves in climbing out of pits, reaching the heights of waving points, and finally extricating themselves from the labyrinth of alleyways. No matter. On their way back they never fail, even though weighed down by their burden, to traverse once more this arduous labyrinth. What might they do to avoid so much fatigue? Turn aside a little from their first path. A good

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road, only a little way off, covers the whole distance; but even so slight a deviation never enters their heads.

That is all! Fabre does not attempt the least explanation; his lack of comprehension is complete. 'He did not pay much attention to ants,' you may say. True, but then, Remy de Gourmont gave them still less attention. De Gourmont, standing by an ant hill located at the foot of a vertical wall, observed an ant not far from the hill. Now this ant, as it went along, alternately left the horizontal soil and ran up on the vertical surface, without any hesitation and without any slackening in gait. No doubt Fabre would have talked of the 'dizzying' position of the insect, which had only to follow along the foot of the wall instead of indulging in these acrobatic feats. Remy de Gourmont, on the other hand, seeks for an explanation, reflects, and arrives at this conclusion: —

> For ants in particular and for all insects in general, of similar muscular force and power of adhesion, the world must be flat. What seems sloping or vertical to us, is for these light little creatures a direct continuation of the horizontal plane.

Adopting this explanation, such as it is, what was a mystery for J.-H. Fabre is a mystery no longer. The 'abysses,' the 'drops,' the 'pits,' the 'fatigue' are wholly relative. All these things exist — for Fabre, whose thought is anthropocentric — but not for the ants. Remy de Gourmont reached his conclusion by means of the following relativistic considerations: —

> This suggests the idea of weight. To estimate the weight of an ant we must consider the muscular strength of the insect, its power of adherence, and the extent of the system of air-tubes ramifying through its body, by means of which it breathes. This system, which in the ant is very extensive, greatly diminishes its absolute weight, while its muscular strength is enormous. Thus, relatively to a man, an observer may regard the weight of an ant as nothing at all.

But suppose the ant has to carry heavier and heavier burdens. What then? Can one not establish a point at which it becomes aware of gravitation, that is, a point at which it feels weight? This is the question I asked myself on first reading Remy de Gourmont's study in 1909. In the experiments made at that time, I had had nothing but horizontal surfaces to work with, so that my conclusions were one-sided, and altogether too favorable to de Gourmont's ideas. As a usual thing, the ant drags or pushes objects that I might be inclined to think too heavy. Now the resistance here, which the ant surmounts very easily when it is a question of smooth grains several times its own weight, is not a weight acting vertically. It is a force operating in a direction opposite to the push exercised by the ant. As this last force is horizontal, the same is true of the resistance surmounted, and both forces belong to the flat world of the ant.

As yet I had learned nothing about the point at which the ant begins to perceive weight. I began experiments again in 1913, making observations on wrinkled vertical surfaces as well as on walls. These observations have never before been published. They were carried out by giving the ants bits of food which gradually increased in weight. I found that for a normal ant, from five to six centimetres in length, there was no slackening in the rate of progress when the insect carried objects two, three, and even four times its own weight up a vertical plane. This was the case with Fabre's ants, which descended into 'abysses.' When, however, the weight of the object approaches seven or eight times the weight of the insect, a slowing-down is visible, and the ant clings to the wall. Beyond ten times its own weight, the

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ant rejects the object. But here Remy de Gourmont's theory is in error. Here we have several cases of sensitiveness to gravitation. Have n't we been made victims of 'reasoning by display,' as André Gide says?

Well, what Remy de Gourmont said with regard to ants' insensibility to weight is true, but it is a truth of the asymptotic variety, which gets closer and closer to the absolute truth but never quite arrives. That is what makes his idea so interesting. The smaller an insect or any other creature, the more applicable is this idea. I made the same experiments on a wall with a kind of ant whose workers measure about two millimetres. In this case the limit is from twenty-five to thirty times their weight, and they are, therefore, relatively three times stronger than the larger ants described above. This is due to the fact that their volume — and hence also their weight — is in proportion to the cube of their length. A little ant one third their size weighs twenty-seven times less, but its muscular force does not decrease in the same proportion, for it depends on the square of the length: that is to say, the little insect is absolutely one ninth as strong as the larger.

This relation of the square and cube of the length of the ant — a relation which determines the whole question — becomes the more advantageous for any creature the smaller that creature is, so long as the proportions remain about the same; and it is less advantageous the larger the creature is.

I do not pretend that de Gourmont had no predecessors in ideas of this kind; but it seems certain that this useful relation between the square and the cube has remained almost untouched by other investigators. J.-H. Fabre, who is well acquainted with mathematics and physics, paid no attention to it; de Gourmont must have developed the idea because he was a relativist.

The idea was also used by Yves Delage, who showed theoretically that an ant which can carry a grain of wheat ten times heavier than itself would, if it became a thousand times larger, be unable to carry more than one hundredth part of its weight. It would then become one hundred times weaker than a man or a horse. And so Delage rightly says that there is no room for exclamations over the marvelous muscular forces of the ant, or over its enormous physical strength.

Now we understand why the smallest flies can flit about in the sunlight, without pause or rest, and at an enormous speed. Big flies or even small birds would soon have enough of this strenuous exercise; and one can perhaps also find another application of the idea. According to students of fossil life, the dinosaurs of prehistoric times disappeared because of their enormous size.

Remy de Gourmont's idea becomes an even better interpretation of the facts when we consider the fall of an ant into one of Fabre's 'abysses.' There is no need to confine our observations to small insects. I have even seen big running ants, twelve or thirteen millimetres long, take falls from a height of one to thirty metres. When they struck the bottom of those precipices they darted off instantly, without ever having let go of what they were carrying. The violence of such a shock is decreased, because it depends upon the square of the speed at the arrival at the bottom, and on the mass of the body falling. Now, a body as light as that of an insect is almost supported by the resistance of the air. If the ants were made of lead, it would be another question entirely. If a rather large ant seems scarcely to feel falls of this sort,

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it is easy to understand how indifferent little ants two or three millimetres long must be, which weigh one fiftieth as much, and fall only a few centimetres.

What happens to the thousands of tiny organisms dwelling in that world — which to us seems unbelievably small — constituted by one of the particles of water in Niagara Falls? Probably nothing at all. The force of the waves, the wind, the hardness of the rock at the base of the fall — which seem so terrific to us — are on quite another scale for those organisms.

One can make still another application, which I give with all proper reserve. Henri Poincaré, following Delbeuf, has written: —

> Let us suppose that during the night all the dimensions of the universe had become a thousand times larger. The bed on which I am sleeping and my body itself would have grown larger in the same proportion. When I awoke the next morning, what feeling should I experience when confronted with such an amazing change?
>
> Why — I should not notice anything at all. The most exact measures would be incapable of revealing this enormous change, because the instruments that I should use would have changed in exactly the same proportions as the bodies that I was trying to measure.

And yet, perhaps after all there is somebody who would notice a change. That is my neighbor the butcher. He has a good many hams and sausages hanging up by strings. When he got up in the morning he would see them on the floor, with their strings broken; for if a ham became a thousand times bigger, its volume would become a billion times larger, and its weight as well; but, while the string by which it was suspended might have become a thousand times larger too, that would not have increased its strength, which depends only on its thickness; and since the thread would not become a thousand times a thousand times — that is a million times — stronger, while the weight was increased a billion times, it is probable that all the strings and all the cords in the world would break if any weights were suspended on them.

But I am not by any means sure of my ground. It is too incredible that such a mathematician as Henri Poincaré should not have thought of this.

Perhaps these two learned men intended it to be understood that mass should not vary. Perhaps they meant that the universe was to be spread apart like a gas, whose molecules would simply have expanded until they were a million times more distant one from the other. Yes, but if each of these molecules had become a thousand times bigger, would it not necessarily have weighed more? Or if one has recourse to the atoms, and finally admits that in the last analysis the material universe resolves itself into positive and negative electrons, is it possible that a change in the respective distances of these electrons would not produce sensible effects by physico-electric measures?

We can see how fertile is this idea of Remy de Gourmont, which seemed such a paradox in the beginning. I think we shall find it so with a good many ideas of that vigorous critical spirit. In many fields of thought he will be found to have been ages ahead of his contemporaries. We shall often find Remy de Gourmont to have been ahead of his time and on the right track. Sometimes, too, we shall find him ahead of his time and tumbling in a ditch, but that happens to all world-embracing spirits — Goethe, for example, with his theory of colors, which, unless I am mistaken, is to-day abandoned. If from time to time Remy de Gourmont has made other suggestions that seem paradoxical, I suspect that they, too, may contain a large measure of enduring truth.

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LOST IN THE ALPS

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

[*Algernon Blackwood is an extremely prolific English novelist, who from* 1906 *to* 1918 *averaged at least one book a year, and sometimes two. Among his more recent books are* The Garden of Survival *and* The Bright Messenger. *Besides his novels he has written two plays,* Starlight Express, *produced in* 1915, *and* The Crossing, *produced in* 1900.]

From the *Morning Post, September* 8
(Tory Daily)

THERE was something unusual in the village street that morning as I made my way to the chalet post-office to send a telegram, but the mind was only vaguely aware of it. A familiar detail seemed lacking: a difference had crept in. One noticed it — no more than that. Sunshine flooded the valley, the forests hung in purple shadow to the west, far overhead the snow shone dazzling against the turquoise blue, and the air was filled with the roar of falling water. Girls in yellow jumpers were going down to the tennis courts, tourists starting on their expeditions, mules clattering on the cobbles, and the Priest went by, his face, as always, grave.

All seemed as usual: the difference did not disclose itself. My mind, perhaps, was too preoccupied composing a complicated telegram in the fewest possible words to think about it. It was on my way back that I suddenly realized what was wrong: the familiar groups of guides, waiting for employment, were omitted from the picture. Something had happened.

A high Alpine climbing village is a sensitive organism, whose collective life responds swiftly to the least change — a new arrival, a departure, a summit conquered, but above all an accident. The news runs through it like a wind. On the way back to my friend's chalet the Priest passed me again. 'Yes, a man is lost,' he said, his face graver than before. 'He 's been out all night. The search parties have left.'

He gave a few details, then hurried on, but in the twinkling of an eye the note of that brilliant, even gorgeous, morning had changed completely. The shadow of disaster dimmed the sunshine, the pleasant roar of falling water became ominous, the great peaks wore a forbidding air. Somewhere among their awful loneliness a man was lost. The thing all dread had happened.

It was strange, at this early hour, how the undercurrent of news flashed so swiftly along the sunny street, touching some and missing others. To those who merely played tennis, danced, and went for walks, it meant less; to those who climbed and knew the wild places where the victim might be lying, it was poignant. One resented these careless, happy tourists picking flowers, chasing butterflies, playing tennis, in light-hearted safety. Through the mind flashed vivid pictures of the cold, dreadful heights, of icy slopes, of dizzy ledges, of perilous corners above an abyss of emptiness. One turned, rather, to the peasants who stood about in groups, some with telescopes, all with grave faces and sympathetic questions. A man was lost. He had been out alone all night. There had been a cold wind but a clear sky. He was still clinging,

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perhaps, to some ledge, unable to get up or down, shouting to the emptiness, perhaps lying injured on some desolate pitch of rock, perhaps motionless.

My host, an old resident of the village, experienced climber as well, had all the available facts at his finger-tips when I got back. He was ready to start too. We chose a route the other parties had not taken, and on the way up he gave me details of what was known. We took with us Zeiss glasses, food, brandy, extra ropes. It was a gloomy, mournful expedition. We went fast, much too fast for climbers; the feeling of hurry made it impossible to take it easy.

An odd thing was that, although the man had broken all the rules, no one had used a word of blame. He was not a climber, but one of those vigorous Englishmen of middle age who enjoy 'a scramble.' He wore nailed boots and carried an iron-shod alpenstock. He was married, his wife and children at Como, where he was to join them in a few days. He was a botanist. He took with him a knapsack with food and a thermos of tea. He had left his hotel at two o'clock on the previous afternoon, but he had *not* told anyone exactly where he was going. His direction was only vaguely known. He had not returned for dinner. He had been out twenty hours. Search parties had started at midnight; others had left at dawn. Three shots — echo carries the sound for miles — were to be the signal that he had been found.

We used the 'botany' as our guide — taking a precipitous trail to a region of desolate rocks where rare saxifrages grew. Every inch of the ground was known to both of us. We climbed in silence, the pace leaving no breath for words, but the glasses were used constantly, and occasionally there was a pause to discuss direction. Such a man, it was certain, would not choose obviously dangerous places, although his enthusiasm for some rare plant must remain an incalculable factor always. The probability seemed that his search had led him to some point whence descent became suddenly impossible. A common occurrence this, for to get up is often easier than to get down again.

He had clung on through the darkness, beneath the stars, till his strength failed and exhaustion loosened his grip. Or, perhaps, on some steep pitch where ordinary care meant safety, he had slipped. There were ugly drops to the south in plenty, but it was not the obviously dangerous places we need examine.

The few peasants we met — all knew of the possible disaster — gave little help; some had seen a solitary figure, others had not; descriptions varied; there was nothing reliable to guide us. We hurried as the day wore on. Up by the torrent, through deep forest, past waterfalls, across bright green upper pastures where a million flowers shone, scanning every couloir, examining every ledge where a man might venture, and especially the slope of shale at its foot. It was a familiar trail to both of us. The music of the cowbells filled the air. The gentians blazed. The snowfields sparkled far overhead, and the gay tourist village, except as the place where *he* had started twenty-four hours ago now, was quite forgotten.

It was toward afternoon that I first noticed we began to speak of *it* instead of *he*. We were well up above the world by now, in the heart of the great heights, not far from the snow, the huge mountains coming more and more into their own. What we called 'the saxifrage rocks' lay an hour below us. The sky wore a darker blue; the wind, creeping down from the glacier, had a nip in it; the flowers changed; and the immense desolation was emptied of any moving figures but our own. An occasional marmot whistled before diving into its hole, a bird flitted to another boulder, a white

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butterfly danced past, a stray fly buzzed and vanished. But that was all.

Already the Oberland giants were peering at us from behind the ridges we had topped. The silence of the big mountains, their grandeur, their mighty loneliness, their awe, stole over us. The change one had noticed in the sunny village street was increasingly manifest.

It was this change, though we did not speak of it at the time, that impressed us both, proving how the mood, the attitude of mind, determine selection. The familiar beauty retreated, letting terror in. The scenes we knew so well, had so often enjoyed with happy wonder, now wore another guise. The majesty turned awful, the splendor cruel, the indifference to human life stood out. This new significance in 'scenery' we had admired countless times — at dawn, in the moonlight, in the fierce midday sunshine — became ever more apparent. The whole meaning of the high mountains altered, light and shade falling in unaccustomed places. Imaginatively, one became aware of the conspiracy that exists among these great inanimate peaks and precipices, first to entice, then to enforce the penalty for the least mistake. Every detail of crag and summit, every shoulder, col, and dangerous slope, became invested with a dim sense of personality that clothed another type of life. And this life, as the shadows lengthened and darkness grew upon the eastern side, became for us, not merely indifferent, but definitely hostile.

A hint of the monstrous crept into the lonely grandeur. These stupendous Powers, having claimed their victim, now tried to hide him. Other Consciousnesses now watched our puny efforts at discovery, peering down into our minds that still hoped to save. The sense of being watched was present. The weight of wonder, of admiration, of sympathetic tenderness certainly, was shifted from the mountains to the man. Awe was too strong for beauty any more. The eye searched, not for the marvel of form and color upon these terrible heights, not for the mystery of their inaccessible and dreadful loneliness, but strained ever for a small, significant outline, lying broken among huge, misshapen boulders — the outline of a man, possibly of little importance beyond an immediate family circle, playing no big rôle in life that mattered, but a human being, a soul who, adventuring carelessly against too heavy odds, had lost.

Never again, for us, could these peaks and precipices, these flowers, snowfields, streams, seem quite the same. Into their collective being we called 'scenery' a new ingredient had entered permanently, so that their wonder must ever hereafter hold too much of respect for our former loving admiration. We should pass the slope of shale in silence, glance upward at the treacherous ledge with a sigh, a shudder. Even on the brightest day, spring flowers carpeting our approach, this must be so. Nor would this emotion bear much relation to the wooden cross the peasants erect with reverence. The spot would be haunted by the shadow of an adventure against awful odds.

Half on the shale, half on a patch of turf where gentians actually brushed one cheek, we found him — motionless. Just before the darkness came the glasses picked out the significant outline. The unnatural shape betrayed it among the grim boulders. My friend merely pointed in silence, his face a little paler beneath the sunburn, as he held out the binoculars. The drop was perhaps one hundred feet, but death must have been instantaneous, for the neck was broken. The stick lay fifty yards away. In one hand a little saxifrage was still clutched tightly.

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WITH CROCODILE AND TOOTHBRUSH

BY BASSETT DIGBY, F. R. G. S.

From the *Manchester Guardian, August* 22, *September* 12
(RADICAL LIBERAL DAILY)

TURNING out the dark cupboard under the stairs the other day, I came across Barbara. She was in good (rectified) spirits, and looked quite lifelike. You would never think she died ten years ago. Good old Barbara! . . .

One November afternoon there was talk around a London fireside of Continental Customhouses and their red tape, their fear and flusterment when confronted by a novel situation. 'I wonder what the Germans would do if one tried to take into Germany something really out-of-the-way, like a live crocodile,' mused Theodore. 'Good idea!' I said. 'I'll see.'

The banks had closed, and Theodore was in his customary state of insolvency; but in my hip-pocket, mixed up with bus tickets and tobacco dust and bits of string, I found a five-pound note. So we went out into the Brompton Road and bought Barbara, at a parrot and Pom shop, for 18*s*. 6*d*., which Sybil lent us. Barbara was an active and comely young West African crocodile, sixteen inches long. She was dropped into Sybil's velvet dancing-shoe bag, which, with a toothbrush, constituted absolutely all my luggage when I left Liverpool Street Station, three hours later, bound for Austria-Hungary. . . .

They gave me the whole of the sixteen-bunk ladies' cabin on the Harwich-Hook boat across the North Sea, that night, when I asked the steward if the cook, upon whom normally devolves the duty of looking after journeying dogs and cats, would keep an eye on my crocodile during the crossing.

I was first man ashore at the Hook of Holland jetty, in the cold gray dawn. The Dutch Customs men were disappointing folk. I replied that all I had to declare was 'one crocodile and one toothbrush,' and they yawned and waved me through the door into Holland without demur.

Breakfast in a café at Rotterdam, among a jungle of upturned chairs. Then the train eastward. Soon came the German frontier, and there we created a sensation. A crowd gathered. Fierce official moustaches were pulled. Messages were sent to 'the man higher up,' and from him to the man still higher up. There were rappings at doors and consultations. The guttural discussions and argumentations of important functionaries rumbled through the customhouse. There were peerings at faded cards and yellowing posters of instructions on the wall. Peering eyes and prodding fingers worked their way through masses of small print. Masses of leaflets and pamphlets were tugged off spike files and perused with absorption. A porter was sent out for a step-ladder, and from the dusty top of a cupboard he brought down the Father of All the Files.

Himmel, what a set-to, and with what earnestness! What a search there was in the big tattered book of the tariffs to see what the Kaiser's pleasure should be concerning Englanders who casually drifted into Germany with nothing but a crocodile. I had hoped to be stopped, quarantined, or arrested, for then I was going to swear with great

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solemnity and cause to be drafted and fair-copied and sign a protocol averring that my Barbara was an alligator, or a kind of quadroon or octaroon alligator, and the Wilhelmstrasse and Downing Street, Printing House Square and Fleet Street, would have received cable protests. But without, I believe, finding any data at all to guide them, beyond a ban which was laid, so far as my knowledge of the tongue revealed, upon 'raging and dangerous-to-life-and-public-law-and-order beasts,' they allowed me to enter the Empire.

An imposing person in a pearl-gray cloak and a very shiny tin helmet with a spike on it, preceded by a cringing civilian (bareheaded) in mufti, strode through the respectful gangway that opened before him, and looked me over as though I were lower in his scheme of things than the crawling wood-lice. Through his interpreter he inquired deeply into the habits and mannerisms of the crocodilia. He inquired if Barbara ate potatoes, and seemed quite surprised to hear that she did n't. 'So!' he exclaimed. 'So!' And the gaping crowd around us nodded to each other and echoed the great man's wonderment. 'So!' they muttered. 'So!'

Dresden at eight o'clock that evening. We went for a walk around town, and I bought a rawish sausage, from strips of which, pared on a seat in the park, I gave Barbara her supper. Then on, an hour later, to Bohemia.

There was a stimulating fuss at the frontier of the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. I retorted to a customs official through the carriage window that all I had to declare was one toothbrush and one crocodile — quite respectfully and reverently, for he had a sword. He went very red, called me a something-I-did-n't-catch-Schweinhund, and ordered me off the train. 'All right,' I said, fishing Barbara out of her bag. '*There* is the crocodile and *here* is the toothbrush. How about it?'

A long pause while the books of tariffs were consulted — all of them. They were more suspicious here than at the station entering Germany. As the search of the records went on and became more and more laborious there were frequent glances at my face. Had I smiled, I am tolerably sure they would have leaped upon me with a wild, vengeful yell and hacked me to pieces. But, biting my lip till it bled, I preserved an expression of bland stolidity until, with a sigh, they slammed up the very last book of tariffs and angrily waved me back to the train. The whistle blew, and on, twenty minutes late, we sped to the ancient city of Prague.

There we abode two days, two crowded days, and then began the homeward journey by a forty-mile cross-country tramp that brought us up at Hraloup. I stopped twice, on the upland wilds, to eat bread and brawn with the men of those parts. Barbara shared the brawn. The peasants had no idea that crocodiles exist. At one inn they thought she was a fish. They were proud to treat Barbara to little gobbets of meat. . . .

We arrived at Hanover late at night, and our part of the train was unhooked to await a train from Berlin, to which we were attached. A commercial traveler opposite me alighted to visit the buffet. His visit occupied the best part of an hour. When he returned and sank down into his corner seat his gaze rested on the rack over my head. Now on the rack, in Sybil's velvet shoe-bag, was Barbara. And Barbara, rendered lively by the heat of the railway carriage, was beginning to squirm. My vis-à-vis glanced away. Then he glanced back. Again, after a pause, he glanced away, looking a trifle annoyed, as men do at the realization that they should have left that last

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quart of lager alone. He glanced back, and away again. . . .

Suddenly the apathetic glaze left his eyes. By the reflection of the window-pane I noticed the velvet bag heave, rear up, and topple over. Barbara was patently getting annoyed. The commercial traveler had been chatting with me earlier in the evening, but he obviously was reluctant, after his long stay in the buffet, to call my attention to a bag on the rack that seemed to squirm. Twice I saw his mouth open and shut again as he stared over my head at it.

Then he behaved like a sensible man. He lowered the window and leaned out for five minutes into the frosty October night. After that he took another look at the rack. Hurrah! So it *was* really squirming. He beamed and drew my attention to it.

'That's all right,' I reassured him. '*Das ist nur mein Krokodil.*' 'Orlri!' he echoed, and asked me to decant this unusual fellow passenger. No sooner had I done so than he thrust a pudgy finger, clad in biscuit-colored kid, into dainty little Barbara's open jaws. She promptly bit him, and for most of the rest of that uncomfortable night, as we jolted westward over the Hanoverian plains, he sucked his finger between fitful naps and glowered resentfully at us.

We entered Holland at dawn, and the Dutch conductor who came round at Bentheim and examined tickets had an anxious colloquy with another Dutchman as to whether I ought to have a dog ticket for the crocodile. I wished I knew enough of the tongue to tell him about Leech's perplexed porter who came to the decision that 'Dogs is dogs and cats is dogs, but tortoises are hinsecks.' . . .

How tired I was when we reached Rotterdam, and all I had left, after our wanderings in Bohemia, was 5 *s.* 6*d.* an my return ticket to London! If I paid for an hotel room and slept until evening I should have to forgo the fragrant breakfast of fried whiting that they provide on the Harwich boat train. But it was a free day at the Zoo, and to the Zoo we went. I took Barbara into the reptile-house and showed her the fifteen-foot monster that she would grow into should the gods not love her. Then we found rest in the lion-house. There was not a soul about. On a long seat I lay down, and was soon fast asleep. . . .

But what an awakening! The whole cosmos seemed, to my returning consciousness, to be in a state of violent dissolution. A party of urchins were going along the cages flicking their grimy handkerchiefs through the bars at the kings and queens of beasts. The entire leonine population was roaring and snarling and lashing its tail. The keeper came running in and hustled out the enterprising infants, but there was no more sleep for us that afternoon.

We caught the evening train for the Hook, and we were given a cabin to ourselves. A lot of whispering went on among the deck hands when I assured them that I positively had no luggage for them to carry and that I needed no assistance with my crocodile and tooth-brush. And I saw a couple of stewards tap their skulls, place a hand to their ear, listen intently, and then shake their head, signifying, in rich American imagery, that there was 'nobody home.' . . . The fried whiting on the boat train from Harwich was more fragrant than ever. . . .

After her journey to Austria-Hungary, Barbara settled down quietly to life in my garden. First, however, she systematically explored it, yard by yard. Twice she got wedged into a crevice in the rockery and had to be pulled out. Once she climbed five feet up a rose bush, and gave cook a most

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terrible scare by hissing at her as she passed. When alarmed, you know, a young crocodile opens its jaws wide and keeps them open, hissing.

A large clump of ferns had a peculiar fascination for Barbara. She never tired of trying to climb them, doubtless with the aim of basking in the sun on a safe perch, 'commanding,' as the house-agents say, 'an extensive view of the neighboring landscape.' Doubtless she liked the look of the fronds. Certainly she found them convenient. Up she went, mounting as if she were on a ladder. The first few rungs were plain sailing. Then the fern began to bend, and off she slipped, scrabbling wildly with all four little clawed hands.

She ate worms and thin strips of raw beef, and shared the saucer of milk on the lawn with Hercules, the tabby kitten. Hercules' table manners used to exasperate Barbara. Coming home from a prowl, he would notice Barbara drinking and dash for the saucer. Placing his front feet on its edge he tipped it up so that poor Barbara's face was submerged. Dripping with milk, the little crocodile threw up her head, snuffled, and choked — then turned upon Hercules. He must have had one or two nasty nips, for he never waited to do battle. With young Barbara pounding along behind him he ran to the rockery, sprang on to the low wall, and sat there until Barbara had finished cleaning her milky face in the grass, and wandered off or went to sleep. They were very good friends, however, and used to share the same sleeping-basket at night.

We taught Barbara to smoke. Lighting a long Russian cigarette we placed it in her jaws. Like snakes that I have lived with, she was fascinated by the sight of wreathing smoke. With her five-inch cigarette cocked up at a jaunty angle, she used to stand watching the fumes while we photographed her.

She liked rain. When a downpour began, Hercules would come hurrying indoors from the garden and Barbara would come hurrying outdoors from the study. One day they collided in the door. Hercules sat just inside, licking himself dry and watching Barbara with wonderment. Doubtless no less wonder dwelt behind Barbara's noncommittal little eyes as she squatted down still more luxuriously into her puddle on the drenched lawn and watched him.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

TOY SHIPS

BY VIOLA G. GARVIN

[*Westminster Gazette*]

Oh, who would voyage on a pond
  Of lucent deeps, and mirrored blue?
In elfin boat with samite sail,
  Of lustrous hue.

She has a mast of beaten gold,
  A keel of silver, chiseled fine;
She is a pinnace rarely framed,
  Of gallant line.

And who will be her crew to-day,
  To ride with her the rippled wave?
Ye must be true, of honest heart,
  And spirit brave.

And, for she is a faëry ship,
  Ye who would sail in her must be
Skillful in visions, and in dreams
  Of faëry phantasy.

For she is bound to distant shores,
  Where cruel snags may drag her down,
Or where the inaccessible banks
  Rise slippery and brown.

But if ye go adventuring,
  Fair islands ye perchance may see,
Where silken stuffs are treasured up,
  And fragrant spicery.

And from the boughs of yonder oak,
  Slanting across the water clear,
The fluting song of myriad birds
  May charm your ear.

And yonder is a leaf-strewn beach,
  Roofed over by green holly trees,
Where ye, sea-worn, may rest awhile,
  And take your ease.

And ye, for cargo, may bring home
  Gold celandine and daffodil,
And purple violets that lurk
  Ablossom still.

Then, as she dances down the wind,
  White sails reflected in the blue,
Sing cheerily for the faëry ship,
  And jocund crew.

THE DISSECTING ROOM

BY MARGARET EVANS

[*Spectator*]

Here death and knowledge dwell: no graveyard gloom
Wakes such a bitter, secret shudder of dread
As this long, empty room,
Stone-floored and sunlit, where the unwanted dead
Lie robbed of death's last dignity, denied
Even the mercy of a swift decay.
Yet here we live and work, here we dissect
The limp and lifeless body — taught thereby
To honor it with passionate respect —
With wondering hands lay bare muscle and nerve,
Moulded by service perfectly to serve,
And, touched by wonder yet unsatisfied,
Reach past the bounds of knowledge till we find
A deeper wonder standing, veiled, behind.

LAST WORDS

BY ALEXANDER GRAY

[*Westminster Gazette*]

Oh, write no more to me!
The first snow on my head
At last proclaims me free.
Leave these vain vows unsaid;
Surely our love is dead.

I have long striven to shed
All hankering thoughts of thee,
Groping to gain instead
Such peace as yet may be.
Oh, write no more to me!

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THE HORRIFIED YUGOSLAV

FROM Yugoslavia — not, one would imagine, an unduly puritanic portion of the globe — comes a gasp of dismay at the parlous moral state of modern French literature. In the columns of *Obzor*, a Croatian daily of liberal tendencies, an anonymous critic lifts up his voice in lamentation at the way in which contemporary French writers are galloping gayly to the dogs and dragging their hapless readers with them. France, he complains, is reactionary in every respect save in its literature, which is throwing old standards overboard and yet failing to reflect the life of the period. The war has left no genuine impression on French literature — in fact the only two works of genuine merit that express the soul of war-time France, Henri Barbusse's *Le Feu* and Romain Rolland's *Clerambault*, 'are steadily sinking into oblivion.'

Thus does the indignant Yugoslav belabor the French writers of the day: —

> We still have the famous triangle of man, wife, and lover, with all possible variations and permutations. The collapse of the old viewpoint, the convulsion of social revolution, the perplexing problems of modern life, the fight for a new humanism — all these things left the French writers of belles lettres quite untouched. All this is equally true of the drama — and yet literature is supposed to reflect the period in which it is produced, the spiritual fire of a generation!
>
> Reading the productions of the contemporary French pen, especially the so-called psychological fiction, the reader encounters emptiness and barrenness, and cannot help arriving at the conclusion that the war has destroyed the greatest capacity of the French soul — the power of creation.

Having thus demolished his opponents, the writer bestows a few parting kicks upon their corpses. Modern French writers are soullessly formal, and guilty, moreover, of an addition to the sins of the decalogue — 'literary industrialism.'

> Overproduction of anything is due to materialistic motives, which is not a good thing for literature. 'Much' and 'good' can hardly ever go hand-in-hand. But French authors whose names are more or less famous consider it their sacred duty to throw on the market at least one book a year. Writers like Flaubert, who worked more than ten years on a single novel, no longer exist in France.

*

'THE NONTHEATRICAL THEATRE'

THE chorus of praise that of late years has hailed every new feat of Max Reinhardt, the great German regisseur who may soon visit New York, is not swelled by the veteran English critic, Mr. William Archer. The Mozart Festival and the Chamber Music Festival, at Salzburg, which coincided with Reinhardt's ecclesiastical production of Hugo von Hoffmannsthal's adaptation of Calderon's mystery play, *The Great World Theatre*, have been hailed with every sign of favor by critics throughout Europe. Not so Mr. Archer, who complains that the new designs for the Festspielhaus at Salzburg remind him of 'a mammoth prehistoric fortress built of fagots of brushwood,' and show 'a resolute effort to make a theatre as unlike a theatre as possible.'

Once fairly launched on his complaint, Mr. Archer lays about him with many a vicious cut and thrust: —

> Well, well: I enjoyed a refreshing doze the other evening at — never mind what London theatre. One need not go to the Salzkammergut in search of theatrical soporifics.
>
> More or less in imitation of Germany,

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England has of late been busily cultivating the nontheatrical theatre. Attempts to make the playhouse something else than a playhouse have been frequent and, for the most part, distressing. For example, many theorists and some practicians have made a dead set at the proscenium and the curtain. Their great endeavor is to mix up the actors and the audience. They love to make entrances through the stalls, and to indulge in 'backchat' with the dress circle. Is it not on record that Mr. Henry James, while trying to find his stall at Covent Garden, was swept off his feet by a surging semichorus of mænads, and narrowly escaped being beheaded in lieu of Pentheus? Legend may have somewhat embellished the incident, but the groundwork is undoubtedly historical.

Now this obliteration of the frontier between the mimic and the real world is, to my mind, not only detestable but nonsensical. It is, in the literal sense of the word, reactionary. It is an attempt to set the clock back, which might be defensible if the spirit of man could be set back with it. But we know that it cannot; and the pretense that it can is a very tedious affectation.

*

TWO SCHOOLBOY 'HOWLERS'

An American schoolboy has been known to translate (in both the old and the modern meaning of the word) a 'calm state of mind' into a 'charge of cavalry,' but in the column headed 'The Way of the World,' in the London *Morning Post*, appear two achievements of his British cousin that bid fair to stand as records for some time. The British youth was called upon to write an essay on the Great War — perhaps a slightly too ambitious topic for a schoolboy! — and in the course of his literary endeavors thought that a quotation might not come amiss. He quoted — with a vengeance: '*Dolce far niente pro patria mori.*'

The editor of the *Morning Post* adds another howler from his own experience, '*rara avis in gurgite vasto*' — which must certainly make Vergil turn somersaults in the tomb.

*

A NEW ARNOLD BENNETT NOVEL

Arnold Bennett's new novel, *Lilian*, which Cassell is to issue in London this autumn, is said to be one of the most brilliant studies in feminine portraiture in modern fiction. Publishers, of course, are always saying that sort of thing — but this assertion is made by Brodie Fraser in the columns of the *Sunday Times*. The further information is vouchsafed that 'Arnold Bennett, for all the list of successes associated with his name, has never written any novel of greater power.' After all, though, the proof of puddings and books is very much alike. It's better to read the novel before making up one's mind that it is the 'most' anything at all.

*

A MASSENET EXHIBITION

Acquisition by the Paris Opéra of extra rooms available for purposes of display makes possible the Massenet Exhibition that is in progress this month. It includes no less than seventy-eight volumes, which contain twenty-five of the composer's manuscripts. Only two of the larger works — *La Grande Tante* and *Don César de Bazan* — are absent from the collection, having been burned in the fire at the Opéra Comique in 1887.

Massenet's will provided that his manuscripts should remain in the possession of his widow until her death, and only then were they to become the property of the Opéra; but during the war Mme. Massenet relinquished her rights and presented all of them to the Opéra. In order to make the present exhibition as complete as possible, she has loaned several other articles once belonging to her husband, which add

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greatly to its interest. One of these is the curious 'bureau-piano' that Massenet used in composing. Its keyboard slides in and out like a drawer, and on its edges the composer has written the dates on which he finished his various works.

The new exhibition-rooms will enable the Opéra to display other treasures that have hitherto been hidden in its archives and storerooms. Among these is Rossini's desk.

❦

MR. A. CLUTTON-BROCK ON TRUTH AND FICTION

WRITING in the daily edition of the London *Times*, in which the new literary page bids fair to become a permanent fixture, though it will hardly attain the authoritative position of the scholarly *Literary Supplement*, Mr. A. Clutton-Brock jots down a few reflections on the relative strangeness of truth and fiction. The subject is not new by any means — new ideas are not to be found in proverbs, but valuable ones very often are. Given the proverb that truth is stranger than fiction for a text, — though he contrives to get through a whole column without once quoting it, — Mr. Clutton-Brock utters some wholesome reflections on the subject of realism: —

> In real life people talk much more oddly than in novels; but their talk is nothing to the inner processes of their minds, as you will admit if you will surprise yourself in some of your own mental processes before you forget them. Boswell . . . put a passing state of mind into words, and then had the wit to remember and record what he had said; but everyone passes through states of mind just as naïve a hundred times every day, only few put them into words, and fewer still remember them.
>
> Whenever we read a good biography — and there are few of them — we are startled by its strangeness. Disraeli, as he appears in his life, is stranger than any character in his novels; even he would never have dared to draw himself in them. Pepys did draw himself in his Diary, or some part of himself; and we cannot understand how this incredible creature can have passed through life disguised as a normal official and Fellow of the Royal Society. The fact is that we all try to pass through life disguised, and novels are content to give us the disguises. Sometimes they dare to tell a little of the truth about all men in their freak characters; and then we say that it is amusing but impossible. Dickens, for instance, is accused of exaggeration; but he is great because he understates less than most novelists, because he observed and could deduce some of the real facts of human nature from his observation. . . .
>
> It is strange that, when novels aim at a still more romantic departure from the immodesty of nature, when they concern themselves altogether with externalities and represent human beings as entirely governed by them and free from all the excitements of the soul, they are called realistic. For the pleasure of reading such books consists in their very unlikeness to reality. It is the pleasure of a rest cure in which we are able for the moment to persuade ourselves that life really is as dull as the novelist makes it out to be. And there is the same romantic pleasure to be got from those scientific theories which tell us that man is a purely businesslike creature in a businesslike universe; for, if there were not, no one could even pretend to believe in anything so incredible. These theories are but part of the eternal effort of man to get away from the excitement of himself and of bewildering reality. With ages of experience he learns more and more clearly what he wants in romance, and now at last he is producing the romance, the myth, the dream, and its wish-fulfillment, of dullness.
>
> Hence what we call realism in art. We call it realism so that we may, in our more imaginative moments, persuade ourselves that we believe it. The very word protests too much; it is like those villas which are called 'Sea View' because there are so many other villas between them and the sea. It is the soothing unreality of realism that charms us; like those patterns which soothe the eye by a repetition of forms without

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meaning, it gives us coherence by emptying people and things of all their real content. And that, no doubt, is why most people prefer it to poetry. Poetry is too like what really happens inside all of us to please us in our idle hours when we want something that will take us away from ourselves.

Hamlet is like every man; and we prefer to read of characters like restful and trustworthy machines, who have simple functions which they perform without any irregularity, being wound up by the author of their being and running down punctually at the end of the story. That is what we desire in romance; but, having learned to associate the word with what is not true, we have changed the name and now call it realism.

✤

ANIMALS AND THEIR REAL ESTATE

A FEW months ago a very interesting book was published in London on *Territory in Bird Life*, in which the author showed that many species of British birds vigorously defend the territory immediately adjoining the nest against all intruders of the same species. By a series of observations extending over many years, the writer demonstrated that the males return earlier in the spring than the females and that each promptly seeks a hunting-ground, within which the nest may later be located. Once his territory is selected, the bird defends it with bill and claw, and his song is at least partly designed to warn off intruders. After the birds have mated and their nest is built, they carry on their search for food within the land that belongs to them, usually a rather restricted area.

It will be very interesting to see whether someone may not apply the theory to American birds, many of which are closely related to English species. Probably much the same thing occurs among some of them, though it is hardly likely to be true of all.

In the columns of the *National Review*, another English student of nature adds a bit of testimony to the keen sense of real-estate property possessed by birds, and extends this instinct — if it is an instinct — to other animals: —

Close observation of birds, mammals, and even fish, convinces me that they always feel much resentment against infringements of their rights, especially territorial ones. Most wild creatures have an area which they regard as their own; it may be large, or it may be small, but on it they will not allow intruders. You will see the same trout near the same spot in a stream day after day, and if you watch you will see that it chases away any other fish that may chance to come near. Many birds are exceedingly particular about their territorial rights. Robins, for instance, fight furiously to defend theirs.

But no bird is more pugnacious in this respect than the moor hen. At the beginning of the nesting season many long and stubborn battles are waged between the different pairs of moor hens, those in possession of a nice pond resolutely repelling all attempts at invasion. When watching these combats I have always been struck by the greater vigor and pugnacity of the defenders. The invaders never fight with the same determination. The latter appear aware that they are in the wrong, the former to feel that they are in the right; and soon the invading pair break off the battle and run away.

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BOOKS ABROAD

What I Saw in America, by G. K. Chesterton. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1922. 12*s.* 6*d.*

[*Sunday Times*]

MR. CHESTERTON visited the United States as a lecturer, and on his return home — being one of those to whom all things are 'copy' — he sat down and wrote a book of his experiences and his reflections on them; and here it is. . . . He discusses everything — the hotels, the journalists, the waiters, audiences, skyscrapers (respecting which he hints at their archæological illustriousness as direct descendants of the Tower of Babel), house and street nomenclature, architecture, ideals, social and national, and any number of other matters.

Sometimes he dips into the future. There is a significant passage on the agricultural districts:—

> I liked the Americans. I thought they were sympathetic, imaginative, and full of fine enthusiasm. The one thing I could not always feel clear about was their future. I believe they were happier in their frame-houses than most people in most houses; having democracy, good education, and a habit of work. The one doubt that did float across me was something like 'Will all this be here at all in two hundred years?' . . . The answer is agriculture. Wooden houses may or may not last; but farms will last, and farming will always last.

Switzerland has surely answered that question in the same way. And, of course, where bigger things than wooden houses are in question, the future of the wonderful Republic is as sure as anything on this planet can be.

He fell under the spell of New York. He was always having delightful experiences. He was waited on one day by a man who turned out to be an exiled Bulgarian, with a hook nose, a hungry face, and a fierce black moustache.

> As he was serving me with clam chowder or some such thing . . . I fell into speech with him . . . and said something like 'I 'm afraid I don't know as much as I ought to do about Bulgaria. I suppose most of your people are agricultural, are n't they?' He did not stir an inch from his regular attitude, but he slightly lowered his low voice and said: 'Yes; from the earth we come and to the earth we return. When people get away from that they are lost.' To hear such a thing said by the waiter was alone an epoch in the life of an unfortunate writer of fantastic novels. Lit up by all the ghastly and artificial light of the hotel . . . his heart was like his own remote and rocky valley, where those unchanging words were carved as on a rock.

That is the spirit of observation and reflection in which one should always travel, and Mr. Chesterton's book of experiences among 'the politest people on earth,' as he calls the Americans (and many will agree with him in this), is full of such passages. The whole book makes for understanding. which is the most precious thing in life.

Character Problems in Shakespeare's Plays, by Levin L. Schücking. London: Harrap, 1922. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THE interest of this book, which Professor Schücking, of the University of Breslau, calls 'a guide to the better understanding of the dramatist,' lies in its reassertion of the historical method. We do not think it is a good book; it is certainly a one-sided book. But its downright insistence on the need for history in criticism, and its frequent examples of the fantastic nonsense (chiefly German) which the neglect of history may produce, make it at least a wholesome corrective. It has another value, too. It shows how history alone may get an interpreter into trouble as easily as pure fantasy. Never confuse art with reality, is one of Professor Schücking's principles. But what is reality? Not history alone. What *Hamlet* meant — if we could discover that, to begin with — to the audiences in the Globe Playhouse is no more the whole of *Hamlet* than is what *Hamlet* may mean to-day to this poet, or that psychoanalyst, or the other 'boy in the corner.'

The Witch-Cult in Western Europe, by Margaret Alice Murray. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1922. 16*s.*

[*New Statesman*]

THIS is an extraordinarily interesting defense of witches. Witches, it appears, have been maligned. They were, we are told, the preservers of the pre-Christian religion of Western Europe — a 'joyous religion' that must 'have been quite incomprehensible to the gloomy Inquisitors and Reformers who suppressed it.' They worshiped Diana or a deity who was frequently so called, and for the sake of this deity endured the most terrible persecutions without flinching. 'The witches often went to the gibbet and the stake, glorifying their god and committing their souls

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into his keeping, with a firm belief that death was but the entrance to an eternal life in which they would never be parted from him. Fanatics and visionaries as many of them were, they resemble those Christian martyrs whom the witch-persecutors often held in the highest honor.'

They were 'organized like Congregational Churches,' though they were extreme ritualists. Miss Murray thinks it is possible that the Witches' Mass, in which the bread, wine, and candles were black, was earlier in form than the Christian Mass and influenced it. Miss Murray, it will be seen, goes in for no half-measures in her rehabilitation of the religion of Diana. She adds an appendix in which she gives reasons for believing that Joan of Arc was a member of the Dianic Cult; and she suggests that the reason why Joan chose Gilles de Retz, the prototype of Bluebeard, as her escort was that 'she would naturally prefer those of her own faith,' for he too was of the faith of Diana and 'rode a black horse, as also did Joan and the "Devils" of later centuries.' So many Christian priests, says Miss Murray, were 'followers of the witch-religion, that the Inquisitors of the sixteenth century were greatly exercised in their minds as to how to deal with the offenders.'

This theory, which will offend some readers and amuse others, may or may not be true. I do not think that Miss Murray has proved it in her book. I fancy as good a case could be made out for the theory that the witches were heretics under pre-Christian religions as under Christianity. Whether this is so or not, Miss Murray has strung on her theory a remarkable series of facts about the witch-cult. She has brought together a mass of evidence about their assemblies, their organization, and their rites.

The Czechoslovak Republic, by J. Cisar and F. Pokorny. London: Fisher Unwin, 1922. 9*s*.

[*New Witness*]

THOSE who desire an amiable account of this the most influential of the Succession States should buy this book. It does not pretend to be an unbiased history. It is written in a strain of eulogy. Nevertheless, it is worth reading. Bohemia is an ancient kingdom founded in the seventh century, and famous because in 1415 John Huss, its great citizen, was burned at Constance. But it was more or less crushed in 1620, became a part of Austria, and was only reborn after the war. It contains about 75 per cent of the manufactories of the late Austrian Empire, and its establishment as a separate nation has reduced Vienna to ruin.

What further effects the foundation of the Czechoslovakian Republic may turn, only time can show. The Czechs are brave, hard-working, and capable. They hate the Germans and the Hungarians, and consider themselves as Slavs, and as such have made a treaty with Yugoslavia. They have borrowed much money here, in the States, and elsewhere, and if they can remain at peace with their neighbors may one day become prosperous. But there is much virtue in that 'if.' To-day they are the bankers' pet nation, and their currency is purchased by Poles, Germans, Austrians, and Rumanians as an investment. Thus it stands much higher than it otherwise would. Czechoslovakia is just beginning a new life. All we can do is hope she will not go ahead too fast and come down a cropper.

What Sinn Fein Stands For, by A. de Blacam. London: Chapman and Dodd, 1922. 8*s*. 6*d*.

[*Outlook*]

MR. DE BLACAM'S book has value as a piece of Irish self-portraiture, especially for such English readers as have not realized the deep gulf that is fixed between the Old Ireland and the New. . . .

These pages were obviously written for foreigners, chiefly American, with the object of enlisting sympathy for the Irish cause; it is an apologia for the part of Sinn Fein and a would-be intellectual interpretation of Sinn Fein ideals. Many of the propositions which it contains will sound extreme to English ears — Mr. de Blacam holds to a Republic whatever the rest of Ireland may do; but his tone is moderate, and his manners are good. All the same he lacks persuasiveness. He is weak on the humorous side, and sees things, for want of the slightest gift of irony, out of their due proportions; such perceptions as he has are all of logical processes and fixed ideas.

Mr. de Blacam is what is known in America as a right-thinker; but the right-thinking of a Catholic Gael leads naturally to conclusions (upon matters of public import) very different from those of a transatlantic Puritan of Anglo-Saxon blood. His book, therefore, is likely to have little effect as propaganda, except in circles already very favorably disposed toward the Irish movement.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

BUBER, MARTIN. *Der grosse Maggid und seine Nachfolge*. Frankfort on the Main: Rütten and Loenig.

BOUVIER, E.-L. *Habitudes et Métamorphoses des Insectes*. Paris: Flammarion, 1921.

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